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A Slight Case of Apartheid

CAN racial segregation ever be justified? Most English people—and all Socialists—who consider the case of South Africa will find it simple to answer no. Faced with the lunatic logic of Apartheid, we can all reject that claim to white supremacy. But South Africa may not necessarily be the best test. Elsewhere in Africa the issues are more confused. In Kenya, in the Central African Federation and in East Africa, the claim to white supremacy has been veiled in the language of multi-racialism. The argument, in other words, appears to be about the rate of progress rather than about the principle. But is it really so? If we compromise on principles, can we ever make any real progress? The reformer on the spot, conscious of the strength of local white prejudice, is always anxious to win practical victories. He may resent the protests of those who, from a distance, insist on standing obstinately on a principle. Expediency, he retorts, can be a principle too.

This conflict of approach has now arisen acutely over the new University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, whose charter lays down that "no test of religious belief or profession or race, nationality or class shall be imposed" for admittance—a landmark of non-discrimination in Southern Rhodesia. It was, therefore, a shock when a group of Labour members led by Mr. Dugdale recently revealed to the Commons—which was asked to vote a grant of £1,250,000 from public funds—that the university plan provides separate residential and dining quarters for black and white students.

Dr. Walter Adams, the liberal-minded principal, full of the triumph of getting his multi-racial university established at all, considers Labour criticisms both impertinent and treacherous. His anger has overflowed in a letter to Mr. Gaitskell, in which he declares: "You have made our task doubly difficult." And so the argument breaks out again. Is it justifiable to insist on the principle of no segregation at all costs, even when it means rejecting the advice of a man of the calibre of Dr. Adams? In his university all races will work and play together, all will be admitted on the same standards, sit for the same examinations, play in mixed teams, be taught the same ideals. And even though in the initial stages they will live and eat separately, their quarters will be identical. Is not this, Dr. Adams demands, the essence of inter-racial living?

The flaws in this argument are obvious. Either the degree of segregation is trivial, in which case it is not worth sacrificing a principle for it; or it is important because it is the price which must be paid for local white support. Here surely is the root of Dr. Adams's fear. Without this degree of segregation, he foresees that Salisbury might become a black, not a multi-racial, university, because the white community would boycott it. But in the long run it may be better to face this risk than surrender to "settler" blackmail. There is a third argument too: throughout Africa, Dr. Adams has pointed out, "prejudice dies hard among all races," and the African would actually prefer provision to be made for his tastes and needs.

It is this statement which has aroused among Labour M.P.s the most incredulity and the most alarm. "At this stage of the country," says Dr. Adams, "we do not have a common, all-embracing culture. European and African tastes in food, for example, are often different." Can a liberal really advance such a reason as a serious obstacle to de-segregation? Or the fact that some Africans practise polygamy? Or that they have an inheritance of "religious beliefs and superstitions which are difficult to reconcile with those of the Europeans?" If such arguments were valid, it would have been impossible to integrate both Moslems and Hindus into the life of Uganda's black university, Makerere, or African and Asian students into the life of, say, London University—with which the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland has already entered special relations. No: the more Dr. Adams argues, the more we can understand the nature of his anxiety, but the clearer it becomes that in matters where the British parliament has a responsibility we cannot surrender our consciences to the care of the "authorities on the spot." Just because they are on the spot, they will almost certainly become influenced, however unconsciously, by the very attitudes which we must repudiate.

Comments on the Week's News

The Retreat from Containment

The gradual thaw in western attitudes towards Russia continues. The Franco-Soviet talks in Moscow, as expected, followed the general pattern of the London talks. The terms of the final communiqué are similar in many respects, though there are two important additions: a cautiously worded French approval of the Russian disarmament move, and a reaffirmation of the Franco-Russian intention to raise the subject of a UN-sponsored Middle East arms embargo at the Security Council. The day after the talks ended, Britain went a stage further. In an important policy speech, Mr. Selwyn-Lloyd admitted that the primary threat from Russia was no longer a military one and implied that, though the military framework of Nato had to be retained, its effectives could be substantially reduced. To date, this is the most realistic appreciation of the meaning of "competitive coexistence" yet voiced by a western statesman, and the fact that it failed to evoke a critical response in Washington is, in itself, significant. Indeed, there is some evidence that Mr. Dulles' recent pronouncements on Russian policy—and, in particular, his ludicrous comment on the disarmament move—may not represent his real views. The Administration is currently experiencing great difficulty in obtaining Congressional approval for its military assistance programme, and Mr. Dulles is clearly unwilling to impede its efforts still further by publicly acknowledging a genuine relaxation of tension. Indeed, in the realm of deeds, as opposed to words, he is showing himself far more accommodating: his endorsement, at his press conference on Tuesday, of the British "exceptions" procedure for China trade controls, is, in theory, a minor concession. But it is an important straw in the wind—further proof that the wind is blowing in Washington as well as in London and Paris.

How to Lose Bases

The Tory doctrine in Colonial affairs is that the security of British bases overrides all other considerations—including demands for self-government which, in other circumstances, could be regarded as legitimate. Even if one accepts this principle—and, in terms of present world strategy, the value of the bases seems exaggerated—the present government is applying it with singular maladroitness. Cyprus is a case in point. A similar situation may soon develop in Singapore. Now comes a third example: Aden. Lord Lloyd's recent statement—rejecting any change in the colony's status "for the foreseeable future"—is curiously reminiscent of Mr. Hopkinson's ill-fated "never" speech on Cyprus. Under any circumstances it would have been ill-advised; in the light of present conditions in Aden it may prove disastrous. In Aden itself, the moderate nationalists have, until now, simply demanded an elected majority on the Legislative Council; Lord Lloyd's speech effectively cuts the ground from under their feet and hands the initiative to the Pan-Arab extremists. Worse still, it may prejudice the delicate military situation in the interior. British forces are currently engaged in a determined military effort to evict Yemenite "liberators" from the Federation. In the last resort, the security of the hinterland—and therefore of the base itself—depends on the co-operation of the chiefs. Until now, they have been consistently loyal; but Egyptian advisers who, under the terms of the new tripartite pact, are taking over the direction of Yemen policy, are now clothing aggressive Yemenite imperialism in the more attractive guise of Arab nationalism. This, taken in conjunction with the recent British refusal to supply them with arms, may induce the chiefs to change their attitude. Lord Lloyd's speech, therefore, comes at the worst possible moment.

In view of this, it is to be hoped that the government will handle the new situation in Jordan—where yet another British base is involved—more cautiously. The proposals of Said el Mufti, the new premier, for a revision of the Anglo-Jordanian treaty, seem at first glance eminently reasonable. He wants the annual British grant to be regarded as rent for British bases and not as a subsidy, and to be paid to the Jordan government—without any political strings attached—and not, as at present, directly to the Arab Legion. The present treaty is an example of outmoded paternalism, which most Jordanians rightly regard as humiliating; Said's terms provide the foundations of a more viable and permanent relationship—that is, one founded on a mutually advantageous and purely commercial basis. There is some reason to think that the new government is sincerely anxious to find a *via media* between British and Egyptian imperialism; if, however, Britain rejects Said's offer, and withdraws the subsidy entirely, he will inevitably be forced to turn to Cairo: the bases would then be lost, and the prospects of an Arab-Israeli flare-up correspondingly increased.

A Tragic Failure

By the time that Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Bevan made their last-minute attempt to save the Singapore talks, Mr. Lennox-Boyd had made up his mind to run the risks involved in their failure. Yet, as the Labour leaders realised, the risk is great, and they were more than justified in trying to find a formula which might avert a far more serious crisis in Singapore. Mr. Lennox-Boyd, however, would not budge, though Mr. Marshall had broken the fragile unity of his all-party delegation by making a final offer to give Britain all the "security" powers which the Colonial Office had demanded. Events are moving so quickly in South-East Asia that a three-year limit on these powers, as Mr. Marshall suggested, is not unreasonable. Nor was it unreasonable to ask that emergency Orders in Council should subsequently be ratified by the House of Commons. On such conditions, greater freedom and responsibility could have been given to Singapore, and there would have been time to see whether Mr. Marshall's gamble would come off and whether stable government could, in fact, be provided for the colony. The risks of this course would surely have been far less than those which follow from the breakdown of the talks. No doubt, Mr. Marshall acted intemperately. No doubt, he made things much more difficult for himself by trying to outbid the People's Action Party, which at first seemed more ready than Mr. Marshall to accept a compromise solution. For, once he had pushed Mr. Lee Kuan Yew to the left, he could not carry him back again in support of the final attempt at compromise. But despite the quirks of Mr. Marshall's personality, he was right to persevere as long as there seemed a chance of saving something from the wreck. It was the Colonial Secretary who destroyed that chance. And he did so, it seems, in the belief that Mr. Marshall's career is over, and that the right-wing Liberal Socialists can be induced to help form a more amenable administration. Mr. Marshall, of course, may change his mind again after he has talked with Mr. Nehru, and withdraw his threat to resign. Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, for his part, has called for fresh elections. On his return to Singapore he announced that if the P.A.P. should win a majority it would "jam" the constitution, and its Ministers would be sworn in solely to discuss full internal self-government; but he does not insist on full independence at this stage.

Exit Mendès-France

M. Mendès-France's resignation, our Paris Correspondent reports, should not be interpreted as an attempt to overthrow the government. Both his letter of resignation and his appeal to the other Radical Ministers to remain in office make it clear that this is the last thing he wishes. For some months he has been highly critical of M. Lacoste's policies in Algeria. He has never opposed the dispatch of massive reinforcements, but he has always maintained that these cannot, by themselves, solve the problem; military measures, in his view, should be accompanied by *immediate* political measures—a purge of the pro-settler administration in Algiers, and an attempt to negotiate a cease-fire. Until last Tuesday, he had remained in office because he was unwilling to jeopardise the unity of the Republican Front—which he still regards as the best formation for effecting a peaceful settlement—and because he believed he could influence policy more decisively from within the cabinet than outside it. His resignation is a belated recognition that he had become merely a prisoner of the government, and that his own personal position, as an advocate of negotiations, was being hopelessly compromised. He now has the opportunity to voice his views in public and bring pressure on Ministers by working through the rank-and-file. In particular, he has in mind the meeting of the Socialist National Council on June 3, where he hopes the opposition to M. Lacoste within the S.F.I.O. will come to a head. If the peace faction carry the day on June 3, their chances of influencing the party congress at the end of this month—whose decisions will be binding on M. Mollet—will be greatly increased.

The Oregon Trail

Mr. Stevenson has somewhat restored his fortunes by his victory over Mr. Kefauver in the Oregon primary. But neither candidate was on the ballot, and neither campaigned as intensively as in Minnesota. Both had to rely on "write-in" votes, whereby electors must write in the name of their choice in the middle of a complicated ballot form which contains the names of nearly a hundred candidates for local and federal office. Only two-thirds of those voting in the Democratic primary managed to find their way to make a presidential preference, and Mr. Stevenson secured a three-to-two vote of these. Little can therefore be deduced from this contest. The crucial battles between Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Kefauver come next Tuesday, in Florida, and June 5, in California. It seems unlikely that Mr. Kefauver can win in Florida, where his strong stand against segregation is a handicap. But California will be a close-run thing, and a Kefauver victory here would probably finish the Stevenson campaign, even if it cannot ensure a convention majority for Kefauver. The other results in Oregon were as expected. Senator Morse, the Republican who turned Democrat after the 1954 elections, will be opposed by Douglas McKay, who has resigned as Secretary of the Interior to fight the Senate vacancy—and this will be a bitter contest, turning partly on the question of public versus private electric power development, and partly on Senator Morse's record in the Senate.

Mr. Kurchatov's View of Britain

Mr. Igor Kurchatov, the Soviet atomic scientist, has been telling the Russian people that the British method of developing atomic power may not turn out to be the best economically. Apart from technical questions about the better use of uranium, he has said that only large power stations are economical and that the U.S.S.R. is in process of providing stations of 400,000 to 600,000 kilowatts. This suggests that Mr. Kurchatov has not been very well advised or informed about the British programme. For instance, he has stated that the Dounreay fast breeder-reactor—designed as one of the world's most advanced types—is not going to produce electricity. It is. And British research is developing a variety of different experimental reactors. What has misled him is the conscious and deliberate policy of the British authorities to go ahead with convertor-type reactors, basically the same as at Calder Hall, the Cumberland station, which will be switched over to the national grid in October. This process consists of converting uranium into plutonium, as in military production plants, and using the heat to generate electricity. Such convertors, stepped up to produce more domestic electricity than at Calder Hall, are to be installed by the Central Electricity Authority. As Sir John Cockcroft has admitted, such types are already as old-fashioned as Henry Ford's "Tin Lizzie"; but they are efficient enough to serve their immediate purpose—to meet the emergency of filling generating needs which our coal-fired stations cannot meet. Nor is it true that outsize power-stations are necessarily the most economic for this country; and, in any case, we ought to be thinking of developing "packaged reactors" suitably designed for the export market. Nevertheless, the reminder that we cannot afford to be committed to a narrow range of types but should extend the range into many alternatives is one which the Atomic Energy Authority might note. In the early days of the railways, this country was unfortunately committed to the narrow-gauge. We must not repeat this mistake with atomic power.

Robin Cruikshank

Robin Cruikshank's long illness, ending in his death last week, deprived the *News Chronicle* and Fleet Street far too soon of one of the exceptional personalities of a generation. Those who were lucky enough to know him will remember him first for his qualities as a man—his wonderful gift of friendship, his generosity to colleagues, his modesty, his gay ebullience in talk. His writing reflected these qualities, influenced and fortified by a loving appreciation of the English classics, and of Dickens, his darling, in particular. He edited the *Star* for five years, and the *News Chronicle* for seven, and was loved by his staffs. The whole of his journalistic life was spent in the service of the two papers and it was his long and outstandingly distinguished record as American correspondent of the *News Chronicle* that fitted him for what was probably the crowning achievement of his life, the work he did for Anglo-American relations during the war, first at the Ministry of Information and then as director of the British Press Service in Washington. His extensive knowledge and understanding of both countries made him the ideal interpreter of their ways of life to one another.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

The End of the Affair ?

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The "leakages" case has ended after six weeks of hearings before a military tribunal in Paris. Statisticians have already established that it has been the longest trial since Joan of Arc. Politicians like to claim that it has aroused emotions comparable with those of the Dreyfus case. But the crime reporters are unanimous in considering it to be the most obscure and confused trial in the whole history of the French courts.

From the first the Tribunal showed astonishing partiality. It gave credence to some witnesses, wrote off others apparently in advance. Among the witnesses it considered trustworthy were M. de la Rue, who collaborated with the Gestapo and was given a twenty-five year prison sentence, and M. Dides, an erstwhile commissioner of police, whose Occupation record was also a bad one. Less to be trusted, in the court's view, were the Minister of Justice, M. Mitterrand, and the previous Prime Minister, M. Mendès-France—to say nothing of dozens of other officials and heroes of the Resistance. M. Dides, in fact, was something more than a witness. He popped up all the time, not only to contribute evidence on fact, but to offer his opinion on this or that political figure and on the evidence given by other witnesses. The President of the Tribunal treated him the whole time with a special indulgence and didn't call him to order even when his statements were palpably malicious. The conduct of this trial has astonished public opinion and has caused a Radical Deputy to put down a question in the National Assembly asking whether the Garde des Sceaux has any means of protecting French justice from the partiality and anti-Republican sentiments of the President of the Tribunal.

The verdict which came last Sunday was itself a classic example of juridical nonsense. It is worth recapitulating the facts. A minute of the Committee of National Defence was discovered in the possession of one Baranès. The first suspicion was that he was a Communist agent passing military information to the proprietor of a left-wing journal on which he worked. He claimed, however, that he was a simple police informer and passed his information only to M. Dides, a senior police officer in charge of an anti-Communist intelligence outfit. It is established that M. Dides made use of the documents to fake up false minutes of the Central Committee of the Communist Party for the purpose of discrediting the Mendès-France administration. However, the Tribunal wasn't prepared to worry about the element of political intrigue in the case and M. Baranès has actually been acquitted, the court holding that the mere possession of secret documents did not justify the charge against him. The implication is that M. Baranès was a person qualified to be in possession of the minutes of the Committee of National Defence. But if that is so it seems impossible to justify the prison sentences (six years and four years respectively) passed on Labrusse and Turpin, the senior officials who are alleged to have passed the documents to Baranès. How can it be a criminal offence to pass secret information to someone who is qualified to receive it? Again, if Baranès was a suitable person to be in possession of French military secrets, and if he didn't pass them on to any hostile power or make use of them in any clandestine political intrigue, then why in heaven's name should he have induced Labrusse and Turpin to divulge the information? The court seems to suggest that he was simply an *agent-provocateur* used by the police to trap two senior officials known for their left-wing views. But in that case, the evidence of Dides and Baranès—as, indeed, of everyone else at the trial—makes nonsense.

The court's verdict seems to most people here to be as bereft of reason or justice as its President was of impartiality. It is seen as an instrument of political warfare in the hands of Baranès's lawyer, M. Tixier-Vignancour. He is a one-time admirer of Hitler who was declared ineligible for public office after the Liberation and who has just this year succeeded in finding himself a seat in the Assembly on the extreme right. His purpose is to discredit the Left for its political conduct over the whole period from the Resistance to the winding up of the war in Viet Nam and the attempts now proceeding to find a liberal solution in Algeria. The matter may not rest here, however. Just because the verdict seems so outrageous and the anti-Republican intrigue so obvious, there is a chance that public opinion may really be roused. Left-wing parties and almost the whole of the press have been deeply stirred by the trial and there is a general feeling that the affair, far from ending, has only just begun.

Westminster

The Seamy Side

Once again the government has refused to recommend either an increase in the pay of junior ministers and of ordinary members of parliament or the establishment of a proper parliamentary pensions scheme. When proposals were last put to the government, on the unanimous vote of an all-party committee under the chairmanship of the Liberal leader, Mr. Clement Davies, in 1954, it was the hostility of Conservative backbenchers in the 1922 Committee which dissuaded the government; and Labour members showed their resentment by a somewhat undignified refusal to pair.

Since then, negotiations on the basis of the committee's reports have proceeded spasmodically. At one time, the government seemed willing to relent, provided any improvement of pay in the Commons was linked with some expense allowance for the Lords. But a majority of Labour members objected to any proposal which might buttress the Lords, and in recent months have again pressed for the committee's recommendation of an increase in Members' salaries from £1,000 to £1,500 a year, with the establishment of a limited pension scheme of up to £500 a year; and this time Labour has added proposals that the salaries of junior ministers should be increased substantially. Once again the government has refused, on the ground that the anti-inflation drive makes salary increases inopportune; but in this they are no longer supported by the 1922 Committee or by the junior

Ministers. Indeed, it is said that a number of the latter have threatened to resign in protest. I think that a Gallup Poll would show a large majority in favour of the government on this issue, for most of us believe in wage restraint when it is practised on others. Further, many people believe that members of parliament actually receive £1,000 a year to spend on themselves. But here I am concerned not with what is popular but with what is right.

The facts are, first, that because of rising prices, a member of parliament today would have to be paid more than £1,500 a year if he were to receive the same amount of purchasing power that he was given by the increase to £1,000 a year in 1946; and, secondly, that, because of the expenses incurred in his duties for postage, secretary, living away from home and the like, a member retains for himself and his family about £250 a year, or £5 a week only, out of the £1,000 he is "paid," even when he includes the £8 per week sessional allowance. This is neither a fair nor a living wage, and all members try to increase it by one means or another. Some save expense by doing without a secretary; but this means that time which might more usefully be spent in the Chamber, or preparing speeches, or keeping up with White Papers and Blue Books, is passed laboriously away, pen in hand, in the writing rooms. Others receive some form of subsidy, from their trade union, from the Co-operative Party or from firms which are willing to offer dummy directorships. But even if these subsidies do not limit the independence of members, they do limit to some extent the numbers from whom members may be drawn. Still others, who are lucky enough to be skilled in such jobs as journalism and the law, which can be practised from or near the House of Commons, plunge into these. But the strain of attempting two jobs is severe and often prevents a member from bringing an unfatigued and fresh mind to his parliamentary work.

The position then is that some men, without private means, who might make admirable members of parliament, are prevented from seeking election because they cannot keep their families on £5 a week. Others, who are elected, are for the same reason prevented from giving anything like the whole of their attention to their parliamentary duties. Because of this it is possible that, in the foreseeable future, the House of Commons will consist almost wholly of men and women who have private means or have managed to win a place on a trade union or Co-operative panel or have businesses which do not require their attendance. The position of junior Ministers is in some respects even worse than that of backbenchers. True, they "receive" double the pay, but they are forbidden to earn any money outside that, and would not have the time to earn it anyway. Almost worse, while carrying out their ministerial duties they have also to do their constituency work with all the correspondence, postage and visiting that this involves. Yet, unlike private members, they are not allowed to claim the full amount of this expenditure as an allowance against income tax; so, many of them on accepting office are worse off financially than they were as private members.

This parsimony towards M.P.s is not generally practised abroad, where M.P.s are paid almost as much as civil servants, technicians and journalists, though not as much, of course, as big businessmen or film stars. In the United States a Congressman receives some £7,000, in France a member receives £1,600 and in Australia £1,400. In a majority of countries the pay of members is higher than here and, in nearly all, substantial expenses in addition to the basic salary are paid. I agree with such payments. Indeed, my only criticisms of the proposals recently rejected by the government is that they are too low, even if they were combined with a pension scheme. The salary should be raised to £2,000 and should then be allied to salaries in some agreed grade in the civil service and should automatically vary with these salaries, so that for the future members can be relieved of the invidious duty of voting on their own pay.

I believe that a member's job is still one of the more important jobs that a democracy can offer; and while it is true that, despite all the complaints about long hours and underpayment, few members, at least until recently, willingly gave up their seats, I think it is just as wrong for the public to trade on their sense of vocation as it is to trade on the sense of vocation of schoolteachers or doctors. In saying that the present time is not opportune for an increase, the government is merely repeating the parrot cry of employers everywhere when pressed for a wage increase. The real reason for its inaction is cowardice.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Bunny, Flockie and Co.

EXACTLY six weeks after Mr. Macmillan's famous "Savings Budget," four months after the imposition of the tightest credit squeeze since the war, and in the midst of a plethora of pious injunctions exhorting us all to save more and spend less, Miss "Bunny" Esterhazy and Miss "Flockie" Harcourt-Smith were, last week, solemnly and publicly "brought out" at Claridges. This complicated and imperative operation cost, according to whether you believe the *Mail* or the *Express*, either £5,000 or £10,000. Its splendours were duly communicated to British workers, in goggling detail, by the daily press. A few days previously, they had been treated to an *hors d'œuvre*, in a more personal manner, when a hundred or so socially marginal junketers descended on the East End, armed, it is said, with everything from champagne to marijuana, and entertained the neighbours to an all-night jazz-session in a hired house.

We are, in other words, in the midst of the 1956 "Season." For the first time since before the war, the British upper class has got the bit between its teeth. Not since the Thirties has it consumed so much bad champagne and dubious caviare, trampled so much broken glass underfoot, and driven so many village dressmakers to profitable distraction. The *Evening Standard* night-reporting corps is worn off its feet. The worst dance bands in London are turning down engagements. Even the burglars are overworked. After years of war-time equality, Crippsian austerity, servantless mansions, travel allowances, dividend restraint and triumphant bureaucracy, the Butler Boom is beginning to take effect: Society is scrambling shakily to its feet again and cocking a tentative snoot at the masses.

Things, admittedly, are not what they used to be. The bandwaggon is less exclusive than ever. Even minor heiresses from Milwaukee, even junior financiers from Frankfurt, even—Colonel Nasser notwithstanding—fourth secretaries from seedy Middle Eastern embassies have got their feet in the door. If you have the money, there is a maze of short cuts to the Palace. Nor are the pillars of Society entirely easy about the future. Five years of handsome capital gains have primed the pump; but the deep financial wells no longer exist, and super-tax and death-duties continue to take their fearful toll. The rich are no longer really rich; but, thanks to Mr. Butler—and in spite of Mr. Macmillan—they at last have a little pocket-money to spend. Deep down, they all know it can't last. All the more reason, then, to spend it with a splash. Edwardian economics breed Edwardian vulgarity. The fake economic prosperity of Tory rule has bred a fake revival of the leisured class.

Ultimately, then, the upper-class spending-spree—of which the 1956 Season is the apotheosis—is a form of collective hallucination, a desperate attempt, on the part of Britain's financial and social elite, to persuade itself that nothing has changed. Every all-night party, every case of champagne, every hamper of *pâté de foie gras* is one more proof that the Welfare State no longer exists—has, indeed, never existed—that the Labour government was just a transitory nightmare, that equality is not merely not just around the corner, but receding into the remote distance.

In theory at least, this social hullabaloo, apart from its tedious bad taste, might be relatively harmless. The fact remains, however, that Britain is still in the midst of a financial crisis; that the government and trade unions are still desperately trying to hold down wages; and that the workers are still being implored, from all sides, to work harder. If, as we are so constantly told, Britain can never regain her industrial supremacy until the workers identify themselves more explicitly with the nation as a whole, do Bunny, Flockie and Co. really help matters? Nobody would go so far as to suggest that the battle of the export trade is being lost on the dance-floor of Claridges, but is it too much to ask, just once, that the people at the top should set something other than the worst possible example?

Also—and this is far more important—do we really want the sort of society of which the Season is the image? Must we continue to believe that a pyramid, whose only criteria are wealth and money, is the ideal form of social organisation? Are its values the ones to which we really subscribe? And if not, what do we propose to do about it?

It goes without saying that a Tory government cannot be expected to knock away the props which, in the long run, are its own foundation. It exhorts the workers, on the one hand, to exercise restraint, and, on the other, supplies the upper classes with the means to abandon it. But this is to be expected. The fundamental Tory image is not a prosperous Britain, but a prosperous leisured class. If a Tory chancellor set out to curb the Dockers and their kind, he would, in the long run, be destroying his own *raison d'être*. Nor, in combating the atavistic values of our society, can we expect much help from the intellectuals, who are, in the last resort, principally concerned with their own place on the pyramid. There is, however, something we can do. Our social pyramid is crowned by a series of paid functionaries whose social influence is decisive: one move from the Palace and the whole complex, hierarchic structure of the Season would collapse. We cannot set the pattern for the Bunnys and the Flockies; but the Royal Family can. They are obliged—if we take the trouble to assert our rights—to do exactly as we tell them.

Is this statement so very alarming? After all, members of the Royal Family have graciously consented to forgo the expense of equipping the Royal Flight with Britannias; they have even agreed to put up with their present waiting-room at London Airport; is it quite out of the question to ask them to adapt the pattern of their social life a little more closely to the needs of mid-20th century Britain? Are Presentation Parties at the Palace, Royal Ascot and incessant scurryings between country houses really necessary to the maintenance of royal dignity? On the contrary, they symbolise an outmoded social pattern and are at variance with the way of life which most of the Queen's subjects now find admirable.

Already, in other respects, royalty has been obliging: it gratifies the moralists by being unimpeachably respectable; it pacifies the politicians by pruning down its speeches to the barest bones of platitude; to encourage industry, it daily courts sartorial disaster by patronising English dressmakers. Why not go a stage further? The British people are, by now, reconciled to a monarchy whose mental horizon is bounded by Newmarket and Drury Lane; they no longer expect any positive contribution to the welfare of the community; but have they not the right to demand, in return for their annual £750,000, the purely negative virtue of social responsibility? Mr. Gaitskell reminded an American audience last week that the Labour Party officially supports the monarchy. True enough; but if such support is to continue to justify itself to the rank-and-file, there will have to be some big changes at Buckingham Palace when Labour returns to power.

Dark History

(This is the first of two articles on the history of Africans.)

BEYOND the flurry of forgotten tribes and the brandishing of spears, the slaving and the myths and mumbo-jumbo, can Africans be really said to have a history of their own? Take away from them the glories of Egypt because, even though Herodotus saw the old Egyptians as a very dark people, not to say a very black people, it is customarily said that "Egypt was not truly African": subtract the kingdoms of Meroe and Axum and of Ethiopia, because they were "Egyptian or Arab or Christian": remove the medieval empires of the western Sudan, Ghana and Songhay and their like, because they were "Mediterranean and (or) Islamic": pass over the terracottas of Ifé and the brasses of Benin, because they are "Greek or Portuguese" . . . and what is left?

Most Europeans have answered that nothing worth the name of civilisation is left. Only a few weeks ago the B.B.C. gave us a talk by a South African who asserted, with a truly Strydom-like disregard for evidence, that Africans south of the Sahara "had little more in the way of culture, or of control over physical environment, than is associated with the Stone Age. . . . Their thinking was not concerned with objective validity and was preoccupied by the mystic powers of persons and things. This centuries-long stagnation cannot be attributed to their isolation from the main streams of civilisation. . . ."

It is upon this view—that Africans are not only backward in relation to other peoples (which is often quite true) but have also, through a natural inferiority, shown themselves *incapable* of the same process of individual and social development—that Europeans have generally rested, and still rest, their claim to domination and latterly to trusteeship and "guidance." Africans, it is said, "never grew up." Until the coming of the Europeans they lived in cruelty and chaos. They had never built civilisations of their own: without the guiding hand of Europe they never would.

These assumptions are part of the everyday ethos of most Europeans. And it is not difficult to see why. The Africa that 19th-century explorers and soldiers laid before the world was indeed a savage and a dangerous place: between the 19th-century European and his African contemporary the gap in culture and development often seemed so wide that many wondered if they could belong to the same species. It was forgotten that the gap had not been nearly so wide four hundred years before, when European slavers first sailed their ships down the west African coast. So narrow was the gap in the year 1518, for instance, that a son of the king of Congo could go to Rome, and be made a bishop, after a few brief years of seminary training in Lisbon.

It is not perhaps so very difficult to explain why the cultural gap between Africans and Europeans should have widened as it did. Much more speculative are the reasons why it existed in the first place: why, for instance, these Negro peoples who made their home in the rain forests and scorching hills of the central and southern continent should have failed to keep pace with the rest of barbarian humanity: and why, once the Europeans came, they fell so quickly into the slaving trap and then destroyed, in endless killing and hunting of each other, so much of what they had built.

The history of Africans is one of the few great empty spaces that are left in the chart of human progress; and modern scholarship is at last beginning to fill it in. Father Gervase Matthew is completing a preliminary survey of the vital archæological sites of the East African coast. Mr. Kirkman has done the first fully organised "dig" in that part of the world; and with very interesting results. And now Dr. Diké, of the University of Ibadan in Nigeria, has received the sum of £45,000 from British and Nigerian official sources and the Carnegie Foundation in order to explore, with the help of archæologists and art historians and other experts, the history of the ancient Nigerian kingdom of Benin.

Already, with some exciting things known and even more exciting things glimpsed at or suspected, it looks as though the middle decades of this century will do for pre-European African history what the same decades of the 19th century achieved for African geography. We know now that the Niger does not flow from east to west, as Europe had believed for many centuries, but from west to east: we are beginning to have strong reason to suspect that Europe has been just as wrong about the course of African history.

One point that new learning certainly allows is that many African peoples have had much more civilisation in the past 2,000 years or so than anyone, until a few years ago, had more than guessed. It remains to be seen how far research can take us back. A second point is that the millennium before about A.D. 500 appears to have been a time of great significance and movement. At the earlier margin of this period, as we now know, the surprising "Nok culture" of the Benue river valley in central Nigeria came on the scene (its very existence was quite unknown until half a dozen years ago); while the Yoruba, as another instance, evidently arrived in southern Nigeria and laid the foundations of Ifé, around the later margin. And through the same period we can glimpse the likelihood of a shift of revolutionary ideas—notably the use and the working of iron—southward from the upper valley of the Nile.

Now these ideas and their carriers went southwestward and southward not into collision with societies superior to or equal with any they had left behind but into a cultural void. They had none of the luck of those Dorian Greeks who collided with the splendour of Mycenæ: nor of the Indo-European invaders of northern India who drove barbarian chariots into the polite and peaceful suburbs of Mohenjo-daro. Whatever their origins, these Bantu-speaking peoples—in numbers, probably, very few—collided with nothing, so far as we can tell, but scattered islets of Old Stone Age folk who had yet to make the agricultural revolution. They left progress in their wake, and advanced boldly into stagnation: into lands, moreover, that were often very hostile to human settlement.

Yet they not only survived: they mightily developed. By the end of the first millennium A.D., in spite of such tremendous handicaps, stable metal-using and food-growing societies that were shaped into a feudal structure of their own were emerging not only along the southern fringes of the Sahara—where Mediterranean influence could reach and mould them—but also deep into the central rain forests and far across the southern plateau. "We ought to remember", wrote Professor Gluckman lately in a passage that may be taken as typical of the most modern approach to these controversial matters, "that when the Europeans first arrived there, there were in the Rhodesias, Transvaal, Orange Free State, across into Angola, and into East Africa, quite big and well-developed civilisations. Right through the continent they were working terraced irrigation; they were mining to a depth of 80 feet for nickel, copper and gold; and they were exporting these metals as far back as A.D. 900 by the records we can trace. Metals were going to Persia, India, and beyond that to China. . . ."

We are only at the beginning of this reassessment of central and southern African history. Most of the work has still to be done. We know that notable Iron Age kingdoms and "empires" rose and flourished through many centuries in "Darkest Africa" before Europeans first called it that; but we do not know much more than this. Of course, these strong and far from stagnant African societies were not civilised in the sense that Athens, Rome, Byzantium, and Peking were civilised. No doubt they practised ritual sacrifice of men and animals, believed in "gods and spirits," owned slaves, and generally carried on as we know that other peoples did in a similar stage of development. Yet when all the necessary reservations are made, the solid fact emerges that central and southern African peoples achieved imposingly high levels of social organisation, stability and technical invention in lands where nothing like that had ever been seen or thought of before.

Although their contacts with the outside world were always distant and nearly always indirect, they did not "stay in the Stone Age." They moved into the metal age; and in ways that often were unique. Far from being unconcerned with "objective validity," they were peoples of great practical genius. They brought agriculture to soil and circumstances where no one else had ever practised it. They searched for metals and found them, mined them, smelted them, traded in them with Arabia and India and China. They built social structures of great flexibility and endurance. They produced the fine art of Ifé and Benin. Some four or five hundred years before they had ever heard the name of Europe they imported Chinese porcelain.

This may seem surprising. Of this sort, it seems, there are going to be many surprises. And if Chinese porcelain could reach the Transvaal some 600 years before the earthenware of Mr. Strydom's forebears, then who, one may begin to wonder, will be written down in history as "savage," and who will not?

BASIL DAVIDSON

A Beloved Physician

Few people have won or deserved more love than Joan Malleson. Her many public activities were extensions of her personal discovery of human unhappiness and of her extraordinary success in alleviating it. Gynæcology owes to her important contributions published in medical journals. As a public figure she was chiefly known for her pioneering work in sexual reform, culminating in her services to the Family Planning Association. Under the pseudonym of "Medica" she wrote several candid, widely circulated books based on her profound medical experience and advancing in plain but unprovocative words opinions that were not so long ago regarded as shocking. Her persuasive tolerance turned away wrath and gave birth to thought. It was something of a revolution in this country when she gave anonymous broadcasts calculated to provoke nobody and enlighten everyone on the meaning of the change of life in women.

In practice she early discovered that it was impossible to divide gynæcology from psychology. The conflicts of love and hate, the troubles of domestic life, the inability to have children or to avoid having too many, the subtle problems about which learned psychologists deal in terms of categories and case histories, became to her individual tragedies which she intuitively understood. She came nearer than any other doctor I have known to disproving the common formula that doctors must never be personally moved by the suffering of their patients. She managed to be truthful in diagnosis and tough in treatment without ever losing that compassion which was perhaps her most outstanding characteristic. She could argue about Freud and Jung with the psycho-analysts, and no doubt she found the key to many neuroses in their works. But a prolonged course of psycho-analysis is not a useful remedy to recommend to a woman with a family and a husband earning £10 a week. She learned to apply as many remedies as there are ages and conditions of men and women. She made life tolerable for many who consulted her, not by pretending that any cure was possible but by keeping in touch with them week after week and year after year. Often when I've asked Joan if she were free in the evening, she would reply: "No, I can't come out tonight. I must be at home because I have a patient who relies on being able to get me on the telephone at nine o'clock." No one will ever know how much she alleviated suffering that neither medical nor psycho-analytic science could cure; nor can the intimate knowledge of the human mind that she won ever now be harvested by the rest of the world.

The only fact that at all mitigates the private pain of her absence or lessens one's regret for her public loss is that during recent years she had suffered constantly and often terribly from one of the mysterious troubles which doctors at first diagnose as a "slipped disc." None of the innumerable patients who loved her was ever allowed to know of her own pain. At one time she carried about with her a volume of the telephone directory. I remember arranging with a cinema manager to enable her to see *Moulin Rouge* by occupying an outside seat where she could perch on the A-K volume without inconveniencing other people. She sought relief in many, often enterprising, ways. She had the family she loved and many long-standing friendships. But she also asked my advice about taking up L.C.C. classes on literature and she embarked on the study of archæology and geology. Poetry was always her standby. When she took what was for her a hazardous adventure and accepted the offer of an exchange with a New Zealand doctor, the present she chose for me to give her for the voyage was the rice-paper edition of the *Oxford Book of English Verse*.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

American Diary

Any visitor to the deep South less obtuse than the Norwegian woman who asked Dean Tillman, principal of the Negro University of Atlanta, how Negro mothers can tell when their children are ill, seeing that black babies can't go pale—any sensible visitor quickly perceives that there are some dinner tables where the emotional atmosphere is so highly charged that frank debate would be offensive. At others, one's hostess will motion her guests to change the subject whenever the Negro servants enter the room. This last is used to illustrate how racial relations have deteriorated since the Supreme Court's rulings. This is undeniably true at the present time, as Negroes themselves agree, and not in the South only; and the fact that the previous "good" relationship was only a manifestation of an indefensible paternalism cuts no ice in argument. Most opponents of integration don't argue with their brains but with their bowels (how many times was I asked how I would like my daughter to marry a black man?).

* * *

Men of courage and moderation in the four or five uncompromising states go in danger of broken windows or even of bullets. The fate of all liberals in extreme times has overtaken them: to be attacked by both sides. The ugly Citizens Councils—Ku Klux Klan in a thin veil of respectability—not only whip up hatred and connive at violence, but are able to exert powerful pressure against would-be moderates by means of economic and professional discrimination (e.g. business men lose contracts, lawyers lose briefs). The opposition to equality remains at heart what it always was, economic; but you will get practically no Southerners to admit it. The fact that the more enterprising Negro is not unnaturally going North plays into the hands of the segregationists by tending to lower general Negro standards in the South, and there *is* a perfectly genuine difficulty about integrating schools without temporarily lowering white educational standards. But educational equality is by no means the only battle the Southern Negro still waits to win. Equality of justice in southern courts, true equality of franchise, equality in hotels, restaurants and public transport—many Negroes would give these a higher priority than schools.

* * *

I left the South sad and sympathetic, less for the Negro (for integration is a certainty) than for the reactionary white—cornered, guilt-ridden and defiant. Two or three diary notes can do no more than skim superficially over a handful of the profound and infinitely complex elements in this unhappy battle. The tragedy of the South has yet to be played out, and how it will end depends not only on the Southerners themselves but also on the wisdom and restraint of the North. There are some northern zealots who are a shade too smug (as though integration were everywhere there an accomplished fact, instead of an accepted principle), not ready enough to try to understand the deep psychological and historical causes of opposition. The galling wounds of defeat in the Civil War and of the revenges of the reconstruction period, scarcely healed, have been reopened. However the struggle over integration is not only a Southern or even an American affair; in its final essence it is one aspect of the whole colonial problem—part of the coloured revolution—and how it is handled will affect the honour and authority of the white man throughout the world, and not least within his own conscience.

* * *

Pittsburgh was a stimulating surprise. I suppose I expected the sort of grim conurbation a steel town suggests. Instead I found a hill city, set among the wooded slopes of the Alleghenies, at the confluence of two fine rivers. It was February, the sun shone—and there really *was* no smoke! A city grown so dark and satanic that it was threatened with industrial decay, it pulled itself together, abolished smog—a job not made easier by its being in a large soft-coal producing area—tore down its worst slums and replanned the areas, tackled its traffic problem with a network of fly-overs, tunnels and bridges, financed multi-storey garages, planned an impressive new civic and cultural centre. The result is that Pittsburgh today has recovered its industrial prestige and is one of the few American cities where redevelopment is being successfully carried out on a measurable scale. It is a success-story for planning, and it deserves telling at length, for by and large (with some notable exceptions) urban redevelopment in America is a sorry tale. The U.S. is suffering from the same disease as other industrial nations. Its cities are sprawling ever more and more outwards while rotting away at the core. We call it Subtopia. They have a word for it: Exurbia.

* * *

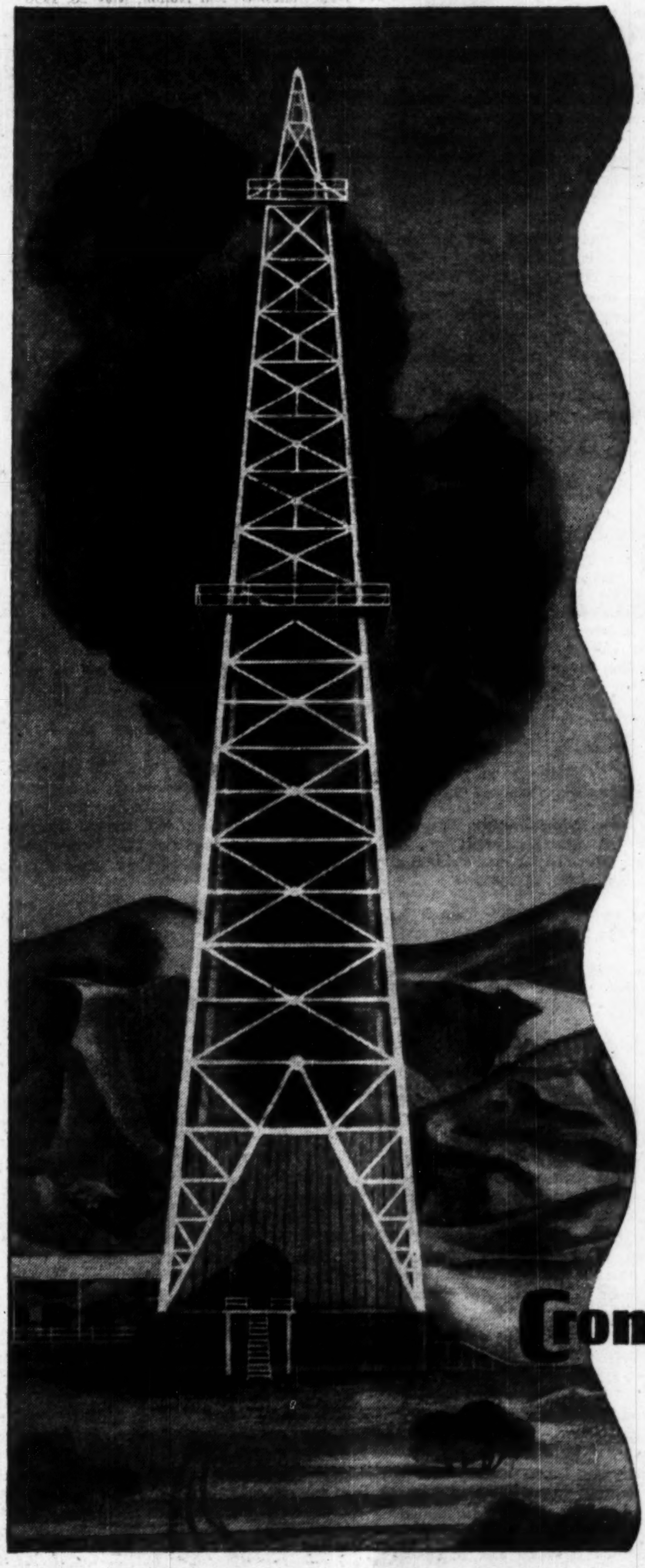
You can't be in America many days without accumulating evidence of a marked religious revival. It has been gradual and sustained, not an emotional revivalist affair. A recent Gallup Poll revealed that 49 per cent. of the population had attended a place of worship within the past seven days. Congregations include a good proportion of young people; what's more, many of them pay regularly and generously into church funds. New churches cannot be built fast enough; some ministers are having to hold two and even three services on a Sunday morning to accommodate all who want to come.

* * *

A Presbyterian minister in Washington with whom I discussed this revival owned himself somewhat baffled to account for it. No doubt a practical factor is the extent to which the churches have had the enterprise to make themselves a social focus, with club life and activities, a thing excellent in itself. Fear and insecurity are obvious possible explanations. In the past I have thought the American's exaggerated fear of Communism was due to an inner distrust about the stability of his own system. Today I don't think any significant number of Americans doubt its stability; they believe in it, proudly. What a good many of them may question, subconsciously, is its validity—not the efficacy, but the *nature*, of their civilisation. I came across many thoughtful citizens worried about the way in which the educational system is working out. For good historical reasons the American has hitherto been geared to work, not leisure. With the growth of wealth and the spread of automation, this may be creating a problem: beyond the automobile, the ice-box and the TV set—what? Maybe the churches afford the missing sense of community, the reassurance of belonging—of *being*.

* * *

In Taos, New Mexico, the Pueblo Indians observe a religious custom whereby throughout the month of the winter solstice, when the earth



SOURCES OF POWER

Oil

Why is 'striking oil' a synonym for finding any sudden source of wealth? Most often the task of reaching oil is painfully long and laborious. Men must drill deep indeed before mineral oil will gush or can be pumped to the surface. And now that the world's demand for clean, controlled power is well-nigh insatiable, more and more oil is being burned to generate electricity. Between the crude oil that is burned to drive a turbo-alternator and the switch that starts a lathe or heats an oven, stretches a whole world of intricate, precise machinery and equipment—Crompton Parkinson's world, where they have long been pioneers. It would be hard to find one major development in the control of electricity with which Crompton Parkinson have not been associated. The generating, conducting, measuring, moderating and utilising of electricity is their familiar province; a province they stand ready to widen when any new source of power whatsoever is discovered.

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sleeps and must not be disturbed, no wheel is allowed to turn. Is there a moral somewhere here for our ulcerated, hyper-tensioned western civilisation? How replenishing to ordain a sabbatical month for all wheels! Although no American child has yet been reported born legless, these limbs grow increasingly redundant. I remember Henry Kaiser telling me, when he was trying to break into the motor car industry after the war, that he believed if an American were forced to choose between his house and his car he would choose the car. There are drive-in cafés now, where you park beside a post to which is attached a microphone and a menu. You order your meal by mike and it is brought to you on a tray in your car ("Speak normally," says the instruction, apprehensively). This inseparable attachment of the American to his automobile was suddenly given for me a flash of historical illumination by the remark of an indignant businessman to the traffic-cop who told him he couldn't park outside his office but that there was a parking-lot only a couple of blocks away. "Don't you know," came the reproachful reply, "that an American likes to keep his horse right by him?"

* * *

Of all the unexpected things to find oneself doing in the Arizona desert—watching a Russian cartoon film (and a very good one too)! This is what I found myself doing at the invitation of my host Frank Lloyd Wright on whom I paid a visit in his famous quarters at Taliesin West. This controversial octogenarian, who when he chooses can be as prickly as the giant cacti that stand like idle semaphore-machines around his house, received us with the most gracious attention. No doubt about it: one knew immediately one was in the presence of a great man. Seeing this striking group of buildings, so familiar from photographs, for the first time in three dimensions, in its setting of intense colour and sharp form of desert and mountain, one grasped more intelligently the meaning of the master's definition of "organic architecture": "right for the place, for the person, for the time." "And how," I asked him, "did you come to evolve just this design for this site?" "I took my stool," he replied, "and first I sat for three days looking at the desert. Then I turned it round and sat for three days looking at the mountains. And then"—with a sweep of his expressive hands—"*I did this.*" Before we parted after a memorable afternoon a small prickle emerged. Somebody rashly mentioned having visited the Corbusier buildings in the Punjab. "Oh," said the elegant old gentleman, his eyes a-twinkle, "so you've *seen* those little mud huts with holes in them?"

* * *

Time and again the first question I was asked as a visitor from Britain was how our commercial television is getting on. There is the same disdain among the educated for TV there as here—a deplorable fact considering its power; in Chicago there are more homes with TV sets than with telephones or baths. In this country of unceasing enterprise, TV provides plenty of scope for making money on the side. In New Orleans, in conjunction with a popular weather programme, there is on sale a "weather kit" for youngsters—simple meteorological instruments, books, charts and whatnot, all in one package for $5.85. And there is the "TV Dinner." This, which you buy at the super market, is a complete one-course meal (roast turkey, vegetables, potatoes, fixings) ready cooked and frozen, wrapped in cellophane and disposed in an aluminium platter with indented wells stamped in it to receive the gravy when it starts to uncongeal in the oven. No need for mother to take her eyes off the screen even to dish up. The turkey outfit costs 87 cents. Throw the platter in the ash-can, it's strictly expendable.

* * *

We all know Americans think nothing of travel, but some think even less of it than others. It was snowing hard as we waited on the platform for the suburban train to take us down-town from Chicago University. The youth and I were discussing climates: he was working in Illinois but his home was in Alabama. "Boy, this is nothing," he said, pooh-poohing the swirling flakes that were rapidly blanketing us in. "Where I just been there was real snow, twenty feet of it." Where was that then? Alaska. So I thought I would fill the frozen minute by getting boned up on Alaska—scenery, living conditions, how people got along in that climate. He was laconic. Hadn't got around much, he explained. Fact is he had only been there for three days and had spent them mostly under cover. "I went up there to see a girl friend, see? I got what I wanted and I came back."

GERALD BARRY

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

One thousand British sailors, soldiers and airmen stood with caps in line with their heads on the parade ground at Valletta, Malta, yesterday and practised pronouncing one word: HOORAY. They were rehearsing for the Queen's birthday parade next month and were told: "Cheering needs particular practice."—*Daily Express.* (David A. Harris.)

They took a dog to which the wife was very attached. It was alleged the husband came and took the dog away.

Said the judge: "It shows an almost abnormal hatred of his wife. A man may quarrel with his wife, strike her, but no reasonable man would steal her dog."—*News Chronicle.* (J. Merricks.)

"It is such an uninteresting little party," she said. "There must be parties like this every night in London.

"The cost? I haven't the faintest idea—a few thousands, yes—but really it will be nothing extravagant."—*News Chronicle.* (Harriet Shackman.)

Coal is Their Life

ALONG the road that climbs awkwardly out of Barnsley, there is an old tavern, standing amid the decaying remnants of disused miners' houses. This inn, with its wooden benches, tiny, crowded rooms and sawdust carpet, went back to the days when men used to open up their own coal mines, take out the cream of the Barnsley seam, and leave derelict pot holes in the ground—and back, of course, to a more recent time, when men squatted at the cobbled-stoned corners on a two-day, or a no-day, week—that side of the road belonged to the past. Across the way a new housing estate had risen. The bright bricks of new homes, hedged with well-tended gardens, sprouted the dubious joys of a TV age. Children, happy and healthy, played around the garden fences. A new pub had been built, with a drive-in, chromium and glass saloon bars and plush leather upholstery; there was a dimpled blonde behind the bar, and even in the "public lounge" there were waitresses.

This simple contrast is real. The prosperity brought to the mining towns by high and, more important, regular wage packets, has produced . . . well, prosperity. Barnsley, Rotherham, and a dozen other similar Yorkshire "coal" towns, after almost a decade of nationalisation, look rather like towns that have strayed from the Priestley plays of pre-war into the Priestley writings of 1956. They are sure of where they came from; they are not quite certain where they are going. It depends what you're after. Certainly if you go to the mining towns and expect the economic changes to have produced a kind of New Jerusalem you will be rather disappointed. But the scars of a past age take time to remove.

There is, for instance, still a great gulf between the highly paid contract worker at the face and the men, underground and on the surface, who are paid what is termed a "day wage"—that is, the amount governed by national agreements, as distinct from the piece rate which is fixed at pit level. A few workers may collect a £20 pay packet—possibly even more—though to do it they must be on high contract rates, working an extremely hard stint, perhaps working a Saturday and even a special Sunday shift. No miner gets a £20 wage without having fully earned it. But the majority of the men are on day wages—and many of them get only half what a piece rate worker can earn.

It is this disparity that causes much bitterness among men in the industry, who feel that everyone should benefit from higher output. They argue that though it is the face worker who occupies the key position, it is team work that really counts. There are plenty of colliery managers who agree with this—but would never dare tamper with the existing system for fear of touching off a keg of dynamite. The most they hope for is that greater mechanisation will bring with it a fairer wages system. So the elements of cruelty and social backwardness linger on in an industry where the prizes go to the fittest. And for those who do not survive the fury of physical labour at the coal face there is a slide down the wages scale as they grow older and weaker.

Yet there is no community in the nation that looks after its old folk in a more full-hearted way than the miners. They contribute richly towards summer outings and Christmas parties; I was taken to new housing estates where the miners have insisted on having the older people housed in bungalows in the *centre* of the estate so that they can be sheltered from loneliness in their old age and call more easily on the help of the younger people.

There are, of course, many who would agree that part of the economic revolution in the miners' life has been lost by the perpetuation of old social habits. This was the point emphasised in a recent sociological survey of the miner's habits[*] which suggested that the miners' social habits have barely changed since the days when their wages were low and their social environment wretched. The basis of their leisure, it was said, is still drinking, gambling and a social life centred round the clubs where billiards and darts are the principal activities.

I do not believe this to be even generally true. And I found an understandable indignation among miners against continuing waves of research workers probing their social and working habits. They asked: "Why don't they go and find out how those in Mayfair work and live?" It seemed a valid point. The evidence is that the miner squanders his hard-won prosperity no more than any other section of the working class—possibly far less.

For one thing I believe the social differences which once divided miners from other industrial workers are fast disappearing. The old isolation of mining villages is no longer the main obstacle to general integration. Better transport facilities and the grouping of light industries in mining areas have produced very much more mixed industrial communities, and the attitude towards family life has developed with rising economic standards.

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[*] *Coal is our Life.* (*Eyre & Spottiswoode, 25s.*)

Take savings as an example. There are now more voluntary savings schemes operating at pit level than ever before. I went to one pit with 1,500 men on its register; 765 of them were enrolled in the colliery savings scheme, a completely voluntary effort, and between them they were saving about £25,000 a year. Ten years ago at this same pit there were only 288 saving £3,000. As the savings increased so did output. Coal production at the colliery is now exactly double what it was on Vesting Day.

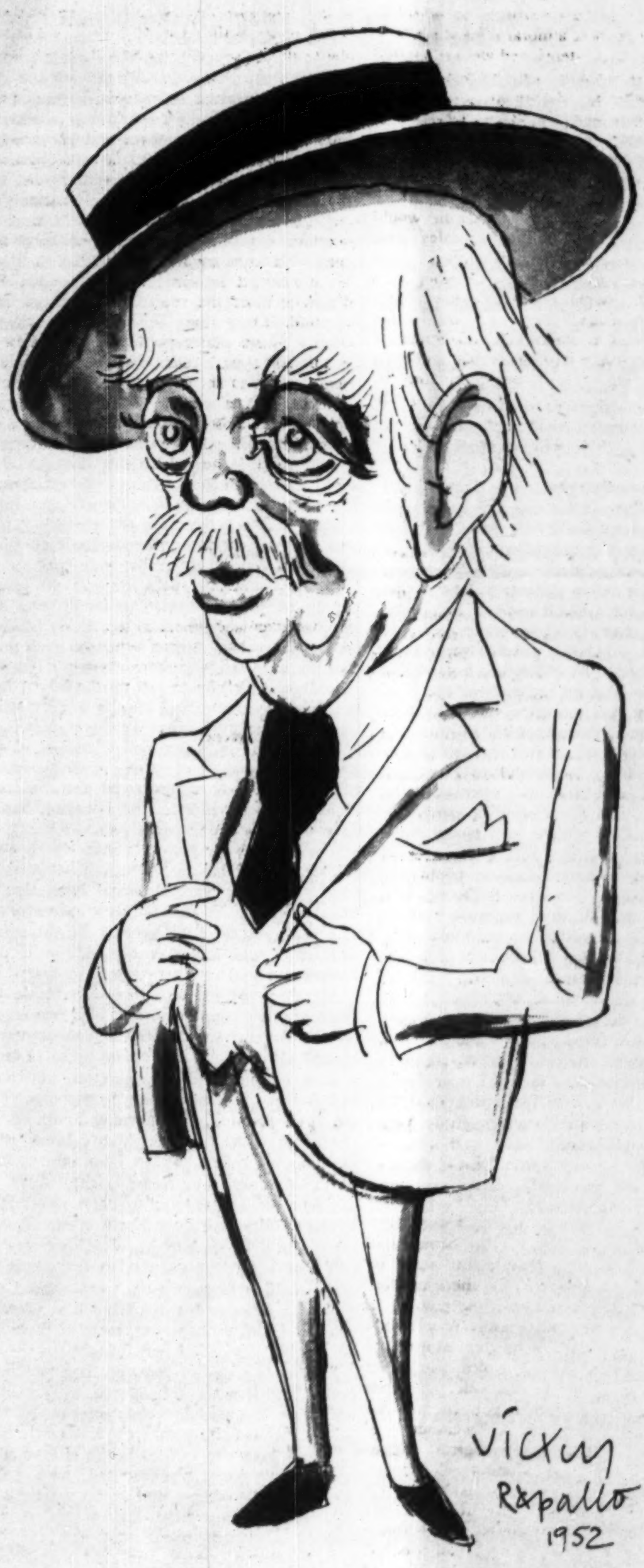
Nor do I believe that the miners squander their leisure. Two years ago one of the Yorkshire areas started an operatic society. The sceptics frowned; predicted a flop. Aided by the Coal Industry Social Welfare Organisation, the operatic society set about its first production, *The Desert Song*. It drew talent from the coal face, the pit top and the offices of 12 pits. Everyone from the curtain raiser to the principal tenor, from the décor artists to the chorus girls, came from the 12 collieries. This all-amateur company of 250 workers practised and rehearsed in their spare time. And the opera was a tremendous success. It was followed by a second production, *Rose Marie*. And now an opera a year is the objective and competition to get into the society is intense. And, this year, some 1,000 Yorkshire miners are going to Italy for their two weeks' holiday. They will go by coach to Croydon airport, fly out to Finale Ligure on the Italian Riviera, and have their own beer flown out. For almost three months throughout the summer there will be a shuttle service of miners leaving for Italy.

More pay in the pits has produced a greater demand for leisure. Men are less reluctant than they were to miss a day at work after a series of heavy stints. They prefer to stay at home and are frequently encouraged by their wives to take a day off. The family influence is said to be one of the principal reasons for the growth of absenteeism—particularly on the early Monday shifts. And some colliery managers believe it would be in the interests of the men *and* coal production if there were a regular five-day week throughout the industry and the Saturday shift scrapped.

When there was little money and no leisure, lodge meetings were crowded. Nowadays, officials explain sadly, the average attendance is 4 to 5 per cent.—unless there's trouble in the pit; then there are overflow meetings. But expanding outlets for leisure have not dulled the miners' traditional love for books. Reading and library borrowing has shot up. The most significant thing is that the circulation of non-fiction books has gone up considerably—particularly technical and "Do it Yourself" books. Yet perhaps the most heartening comment of all on the rising social status of the miner was that given by Jim Gawthorne, secretary of the Yorkshire Miners' Convalescent Homes organisation.

He was talking about the improved accommodation the miners were *demanding* these days in the convalescent homes: plugs for their electric razors, paintings on the wall, better books, modern bedroom furniture for their rooms. "And the higher the standard of the homes," said Jim Gawthorne, "the higher the standard of behaviour from the men."

Geoffrey Goodman



In memory of Max
1872—1956

Swedish Rest Cure

I WAS speaking to a young official of Sweden's Royal Prison Board. He was about to drive me out in his little car from Stockholm to Bobesund.

"I've heard that it isn't considered at all a disgrace to be sent to Bobesund. Is that true?"

"Well, as a matter of fact," he said, "according to the newspapers, the ex-inmates have a club in Stockholm. They dine together once a month. Of course, that may be just a story. . ."

Bogesund is one of the prisons without bars (colonies they're called euphemistically) that came into being as a result of some sweeping legislation in 1945. This was aimed in general at humanising Sweden's penal system, and in particular at instituting new and better classification practices. Eighty per cent. of the men sent to Bogesund are lawbreakers, as opposed to genuine criminals; and the great majority of them are in trouble for drunken driving or potential drunken driving.

Alcoholism is a serious problem in Sweden, and the laws for dealing with it are correspondingly harsh. A driver suspected by the police of being under the influence of drink, regardless of whether he is involved in an accident or even of whether he actually has his car in motion, will be hauled off to the station for a blood test. If he is then found to have as much as 1.5 *pro mille* alcohol in his blood stream, a month's prison sentence will follow automatically. In effect, this means that any man who goes near his car within a couple of hours of drinking four schnapps, one weak beer and a glass of wine is a candidate for Bogesund.

It's about a fifty minutes run through thickly wooded country from Stockholm to Bogesund. The colony itself is an estate of a thousand acres, mostly farmland, with a scattering of army-style huts built on it. One of these huts serves as the administration building, and here I was received by the governor—a modest-looking man in a modest-looking office. He runs Bogesund with the aid of six guards or work supervisors and a woman cook who is assisted by the inmates.

The first thing I wanted to know was about the social status of the present clientele. "There's no one here at the moment who's particularly well known," said the governor. "But, of course, we have had a lot of famous people, and no doubt we shall have again. Actors, painters, company directors, even priests—and several Under-Secretaries of State. We've had foreigners, too," he added, glancing at me a trifle meaningfully, "including three Englishmen. They were fliers—sent here for speeding, not drink. But it doesn't matter who you are, you get the same treatment. We run a democratic community here." I asked if it wasn't true, nevertheless, that inmates might be given a day off, now and then, to attend to their affairs, if these were of sufficient importance. I was thinking of a recent press story to the effect that a business executive, while supposed to be serving a sentence for embezzlement in a more formidable institution than Bogesund, had been observed dining and wining in one of Stockholm's fashionable restaurants.

No, the governor said, the average sentence was so short that furlough privileges didn't apply. Inmates could run their businesses by correspondence; in exceptional circumstances they might be permitted to use the telephone, and well, yes, perhaps under very exceptional circumstances. . . . For instance, a ship-builder was obliged to make personal delivery of a ship on a certain date to a foreign government, and for this purpose was given special permission to travel to a port in southern Sweden. But that, after all, was in the national interest.

At this point, there was a knock on the door, and a smartly-dressed young man, carrying a brief case, entered. He said a few words in Swedish, which I did not understand, and the governor excused himself and went off with him. He returned a few minutes later, grinning.

"New arrival," he said. "An electrician. I've handed him over to the guards. He'll be shown his quarters, given a copy of the rules to read, issued with bluejeans and then sent off to work." This somewhat informal style of reception, I learned, is more the rule than the exception at Bogesund. Only the 20 per cent. criminal minority arrive under police escort. They are, for the most part, star graduates from other prisons and have been transferred to Bogesund in the hope that a period of mixing with non-criminals will complete their rehabilitation.

The lawbreakers, if they haven't been deprived of their licences, may drive themselves to Bogesund. (Although there is no garage accommodation provided, cars may be parked out in the grounds for the duration of sentence.) More often, they are deposited there by their wives, who are known collectively as the *pro mille* widows. Since Bogesund has room for only 40 inmates, and the number of convictions for drunken driving continues high, there is frequently a waiting list for admission. A man sentenced to Bogesund does not necessarily go there at once. The usual procedure is for him to call up the Royal Prison Board in Stockholm, and inquire when it will be convenient for him to start serving his time.

If he knows of a personal friend or of some likely congenial soul also serving time at Bogesund, he may request to be put in the same room with him. Most of the Bogesund inmates have to share rooms, although if some special reason emerges for putting a man on his own—for instance, if he snores heavily—this will be done. In every Swedish penal institution, the inmates are entitled to make their rooms (or cells) as homely and beautiful as they can through the addition of such things as rugs, drapes, pictures, flowers and books to the sparse basic furnishings.

Actual conditions of living differ little from those at other open colonies. The inmates earn on an average six crowns a day (somewhere around 11s. 6d.) and may spend up to 12 crowns a week on purchases of cigarettes, newspapers and sweets. Their working hours on weekdays are from seven in the morning to four in the afternoon, with a quarter-hour's break in the morning for coffee and an hour off for lunch. In the summer, they farm; in the winter, they are sent off on bicycles to chop wood in the forests. When the governor told me of this, I asked him if wood-chopping wasn't a rather difficult and hazardous occupation for actors, say, who would presumably be quite unused to it. "Oh, we have had a number of accidents, of course. Quite serious ones, some of them. But no deaths," he added reassuringly.

Sunday is a day of complete rest and relaxation. The inmates are allowed to stay in bed until eight (on weekdays they are aroused at six-thirty). At ten-thirty they eat a leisurely breakfast, and from two to four in the afternoon they spend their time, unsupervised, with visitors. The *pro mille* widows and others assemble outside the administration hut, where they are handed a printed paper that lists the items, notably liquor, which are contraband in the colony. Dinner is served in the communal dining room at five; inmates and staff eat the same food.

Although the governor feels that there are too few recreational facilities—a football field is about all they amount to at the moment—I suppose, if one had to go to jail, Bogesund would be the ideal place. And, as one might expect, there are many people in Sweden who consider that their penal system has become a great deal too humane. To be sent to an institution like Bogesund, these people complain, isn't a punishment, but a rest cure. If so, it is still a rest cure that I personally should much prefer to do without. During our tour of inspection, the governor showed me a room where the inmates' civilian clothes were stored away. "I'm sure you've never seen anything like this in a prison before," he said. Indeed, I had not. It was an array of neatly hanging hats, suits and topcoats that would have been no disgrace to a West End tailor.

Somehow, I was reminded of the old story *Vice Versa*. These clothes, it seemed to me, belonged to a collection of men in a nightmarish predicament similar to that in which poor Mr. Bultitude found himself when he was unwise enough to wish that he was back at school. Perhaps a month at Bogesund is no more unpleasant an experience for a grown man than a month back at school would be. But how many grown men would find being back at school any less humiliating and intolerable than Mr. Bultitude did?

Which is why I can well believe that there is a club of Bogesund ex-inmates. (The governor confirmed that there was.) For what, after all, beneath the sentimentalities, do old boys of a school celebrate when they meet? Surely, the fact that they are no longer there.

GILES PLAYFAIR

Fleet Street Notebook

IT looks as if we are at last drawing towards the close of an era in Sunday journalism—the era of the *News of the World*. It lasted over half a century, ever since that public-spirited solicitor and high-minded intimate of Prime Ministers, Lord Riddell, took charge of its fortunes. He sensed a public need to enjoy the worst about public nature in the calm of a Sabbath morning and organised a network of special agents to sell the *News of the World* in every town and village in the country in those God-fearing days when newsagents did not open on Sundays. Since then it has held an undisputed lead over all others in affection of the Sunday public. It has been preached about in pulpits, denounced by the self-appointed guardians of our morals, and has girdled the world carrying British culture to the farthest outposts of empire. I remember Ernest Bevin calling me up after his first world tour: "What's wrong with the *'erald?*" he asked, "Everywhere we stopped they came on board asking if we'd got any *News of the Worlds* with us. They never asked for no *'eralds*." Over the years it has become a respected public institution, gathering weekly to its rich table rape, infidelity, violence and unnatural crime from every police court in the land. No changes in public taste, no advance in public education, no development of the welfare state have seemed to affect it. Unperturbed by new fashions in newspaper make-up, or the passion for the pictorial representation of the female form that has seized others, it has gone on its sober way, reporting life as its police court reporters found it with impeccable objectivity. Not only has it held its public of old faithfuls in bonds of apparently unbreakable fidelity; it has scooped up new readers at a rate to break the hearts of less traditionally minded editors.

Now at last, however, it would seem the tide is turning. Something has happened to the British character. In the last few months the circulation of the *News of the World* has not only begun to fall but has fallen more rapidly than that of any other Sunday paper in the country. Indeed if current reports are correct, it may have lost altogether no less than a million readers. Let me hasten to add that this fall, catastrophic for most journals, leaves the controllers of the *News of the World* singularly undisturbed. Nor are they, as yet, doing anything very much to try to stop it. They remain calm and prosperous. When their sales were over 8,000,000 they found themselves, in fact, in something of a dilemma of popularity. It became increasingly difficult to raise advertising rates in line with advancing circulation without running the risk of putting them outside the economic reach of all but the wealthiest advertisers. In the economics of modern salesmanship there is an optimum circulation as well as a minimum. No manager of a popular paper—daily or Sunday—can rest peacefully of nights in these times with a circulation of much less than 1,500,000 to count himself to sleep with. But equally one whose paper has soared into the stratosphere above 7,000,000 must toss and turn as he thinks of the waste of circulation in terms of advertising return and the cost of newsprint. The owners of the *News of the World* may well, therefore, be congratulating themselves on the fact that their circulation figures are beginning to get down to more manageable proportions. At around 7,000,000 or so they are still well ahead of all other contenders for the world circulation crown.

Nevertheless, however cost accountants may chirp of optimum sales, the fact that the long unbroken rise of the *News of the World* has now come to an end, and the downward trend has begun, cannot help but have a certain sentimental interest for the student of the British way of life. Nor despite a continued circulation of something over 7,000,000 is it safe to dismiss the possibility that after holding first place longer than other Sunday or daily newspaper in history, the *News of the World* may before long find itself challenged for the premier position. Its nearest rival, the *Sunday Pictorial*, is creeping up. With a circulation now within hailing distance of the 6,000,000 mark it is also almost the only Sunday paper still to be attracting new readers at a considerable rate. As the *News of the World* falls, so it rises.

What comfort is there to be found in this fact for those who have long made a habit of deploring the popular appetite for the sort of news the *News of the World* has made so profitable over the years? Not much I fear. Even its best friends would hardly claim for the *Sunday Pictorial*—adroit and skilful though it is—any intense preoccupation with the higher things of life. Its success as "The Newspaper For The Young In Heart" does not lie in any basic alteration in the ingredients for a tasty Sabbath dish which have served the *News of the World* so well for so long, but in the flavour it adds to them. Sin, with adjectives, remains, in fact, now as throughout the long reign of the *News of the World*, the essential foundation of the really popular Sunday meal. Indeed it seems if anything to be becoming rather more so than less. As the sun shines and the flowers bloom, Fabian the indefatigable is spotlighting "The Shame of a City" for the *Empire News*, the *Sunday Graphic* is telling just what happens to teenagers after dark; the *Pictorial* has the inside news on how "White Slavers Waylay Girls off Trains" together with the "Amazing Story of a Blonde Made to Measure For a Maharaja" (although only in wax I fear); the *Dispatch* is revealing the truth about the "Wild Women of Hollywood"; and the *People* has all the latest on "Blackpool Vice Probe." How, one wonders, can the *News of the World* hope to stand up to such competition with the unemotional account of what happened when the plumber called at Exeter or the plain story of calf love at Fontmell Magna? It says something for the British appetite for the unvarnished facts that it has been able to do so so long.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The V.I.P.

THE airfield at Ulan Bator lies in a valley in th grey mountains. The great wastes of the Gobi Desert lie beyond. From the plane you can see, in minute isolation, an occasional Mongolian settlement in a vast wilderness. Just two or three tents and a group of camels in the tree-less land. Outer Mongolia's capital, Ulan Bator, lies over the hills from the airfield. Of human existence there is little sign. There is the small whitewashed airport building with a pillared balcony over the entrance, a little white house where a triangular faced Mongolian waitress dispenses tea beneath the vast geranium which fills half the restaurant, two wooden privies over an open trench, and one or two storehouses.

When we left the plane and walked behind the little white house, we saw a company of Outer Mongolian soldiers grouped together round the transport which had brought them there—six antiquated lorries. The soldiers wore grey greatcoats

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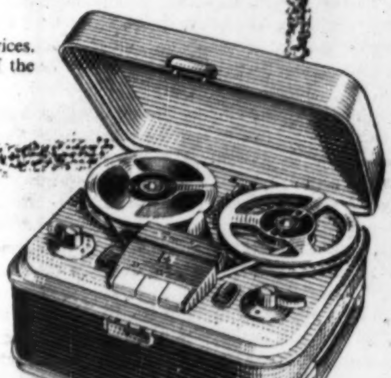

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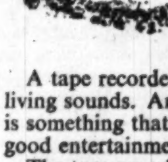

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and highly polished black leather high boots. With them was their band, with great snaky instruments, silver trombones, trumpets and drums. Their C.O., a short square man, spoke a little English. I asked him if the band would play a tune. "Not until ten o'clock" was the answer. It was then nine.

The passengers from our plane, a handful of European lawyers, drifted idly about the airfield. A camel train appeared from over the hill, a convoy of 30 white-furred camels heavily laden with boxes and packages and driven by three mounted drovers in sheepskin coats and fur hats, who waved to us cheerfully as the camels padded softly by. Nothing there to justify a tune from the Outer Mongolian band.

Promptly at 9.45 a lorry drove down the dusty hill. Four Mongolians in long gowns sat in the back holding a large wooden frame supporting a length of red bunting. They unloaded it and carried it to the upper floor of the airport building and then slung it over the balcony. "Long Live the Friendship between the Soviet and Outer Mongolian peoples," it said, in white Mongolian characters.

A few minutes after the slogan had been precariously fixed in position with some bits of rope, another convoy appeared over the hill, not of timeless camels this time, but of hurrying cars. First small ones, then six sleek black Soviet limousines. A group of press photographers and film men appeared. A Mongolian general with a magnificent grey Astrakahn hat strode out of his car. Outer Mongolian politicians in pale grey homburgs and heavy black overcoats took up position. Three little Outer Mongolian girls in national costume brought three impressive red bouquets. The growing crowd of three hundred or more clustered around the airport building. Then the company of soldiers marched on to the airfield.

"Who is coming?" we asked the fussy little woman with a white scarf around her head who had shepherded us from our plane. "I do not know," she said, then non-committally, "some visiting delegation."

Should we be allowed to be spectators at this great national event? No one as yet said anything to the contrary. The Mongolians gazed impassively at the foreigners in their midst. Even the highly painted toenails and vertiginously high heels of the lady lawyer from Marseilles failed to arouse their detached interest. No one objected as we moved about among the welcoming hosts. Ten to ten came, five to ten, then, out of the blue sparkling sky flew a silver plane. It taxied to where the guard of honour was now lined up ceremonially, with the band ready to blow. So we were to be permitted to witness the scene? We got our cameras ready and awaited the great moment when the V.I.P. would descend from the plane.

Just then a Mongolian in a homburg hat came up to us and said politely that it was time we got into our plane. Then we saw that it was not where we had left it. It had been moved and tucked away behind another plane. Slowly we did as we were told, glancing back over our shoulders and hoping that by delaying we might hear the band play and identify the V.I.P. Gently but firmly we were escorted into our plane. The door was locked—and by the time the V.I.P. left his plane we were safely sealed in ours. After we took off from the dusty runway we saw from our Olympian grandstand the now tiny outer Mongolian homburg hats move towards the now insignificant V.I.P. It was not until we got to Peking that afternoon that we discovered who the V.I.P. was. It was Mikoyan, the Soviet Deputy Prime Minister, on his way back to Moscow from Peking. I hope he enjoyed the Outer Mongolian military band.

F. Elwyn Jones

The Arts and Entertainment

American Visitors

During the past fortnight our concert life has been enlivened by several visitors from America; in particular by a cellist and a choir, both of the utmost virtuosity.

The choir was the Robert Shaw Chorale, hitherto known to us as an effective participant in some major Toscanini recordings. Why these singers insist on calling themselves a "chorale," which means a hymn-tune, when there exist two good English words for what they are, namely "choir" and "chorus," I cannot say: no doubt it sounds more impressive. Anyhow, call themselves what they will, they *are* impressive. They number only about thirty, and they looked a bit sparse spread out in unusual formation (not in the usual blocks of voice-types) on the huge platform of the Festival Hall; but the sound they made was anything but thin; it was full, rich, admirably blended, and bursting with disciplined vitality. In full-spread fortissimo chords the choir made a most exhilarating sound: a sound which suggested youth, vigour and unlimited sunshine. I happen to think that a good deal of our vaunted choral singing—yes, even in the North—suffers from anaemia, especially in the soprano department; and I was proportionately delighted with the vital warmth of these American singers. Either of two sopranos who had a good deal of solo singing to do in the course of the evening (I believe one of them was called Carole Jones) would be more than welcome as an English oratorio soloist—or, for that matter, at Covent Garden. Led by such voices, the soprano line stayed remarkably even, pure and full right up to the high B, and never developed that scrawny, white, piercing quality which is the bane of the choral soprano.

Technically, they are a crack choir, with a particular line in rhythmic subtlety. There were moments when we were so dazzled by the manner of their performance that we almost forgot the content of the music; this happened, for instance, in Debussy's *Dieu! qu'il fait bon regarder!* On the other hand, a pure legato and a remarkable clarity in polyphonic singing made their performance of Bach's cantata, *Christ lag in Todesbanden*, memorably beautiful; and in Schubert's lyrical G major Mass they were delightfully suave. After the interval, things began to loosen up. Specimens of Barber, Copland and Charles Ives were followed by the Wake Scene from Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*, sung and half-acted with immense gusto and a complete lack of emotional inhibition. Thence we slid rapidly downhill to "Polly-wolly-doodle" and the like, while the conductor indulged what is evidently a passion for discoursing at length to the audience. A large section of the audience, it is fair to add, responded rapturously to his advances; there were moments when he seemed on the verge of calling us "folks" and inviting us to join him in a simple little prayer. In short, Mr. Shaw is a bit of an "uplift" showman, patently sincere and with a hint of Billy Graham in his make-up; which doesn't prevent him from being also a first-rate and very versatile musician.

Scenes of great, if more conventional, enthusiasm also marked the Wigmore Hall recital of the Hungarian-born cellist, Janos Starker. The Nixa records on which he has recorded most of the standard chamber repertory (though as yet no concertos) had prepared the audience for something out of the ordinary; but the full impact of his actual playing was none the less startling. He is a complete master of his instrument. His tone, if not very large, is extraordinarily pure and penetrating; his intonation remains accurate through the most rapid passages in the highest register of the instrument. His phrasing is always musical and shapely; it is also, like Toscanini's conducting, eminently forward-looking, so that the completed phrase—and indeed the entire movement—makes an effect of inevitability. Bach's unaccompanied suite in D minor, the slow final movement of a Hindemith sonata and the slow opening of Beethoven's Opus 102, No. 1 revealed his classical qualities most clearly; in the allegros his sympathetic partner, Livia Rev, was inclined to become too heavy-handed for string playing so finely drawn. The recital ended with a performance of the *Allegro molto vivace* from Kodaly's unaccompanied sonata (a remarkably fine work) which it is hard to believe that any player in the world could have equalled; supreme virtuosity, fiery rhythmic energy and a rare personal magnetism were bent to strictly musical ends by a lucid intellectual control. I unfortunately missed the recent concert of the Russian, Mstislav Rostropovich, but I doubt if any other cellist of comparable stature has played in London since the death of Feuermann and the voluntary exile of Casals.

The revival of Tchaikovski's *Queen of Spades* at Covent Garden is worth seeing for the picturesque, feverish charm of the music, for Oliver Messel's handsome sets which catch the mood of the work to perfection, and for Kubelik's vivid, if not always wholly convincing, presentation of the score. But it is sadly undersung, especially by Edgar Evans, who has neither the vocal nor the dramatic power for the gambler-hero. Amy Shuard was uneven, not finding her best form until her last scene by the banks of the Neva. The one first-rate impersonation was the Countess of Edith Coates: her death-scene was as gruesome as ever, and she sang the preceding music, and especially the little interpolated Grétry aria, with many fine and delicate touches of art.

Desmond Shawe-Taylor

Ruritanian Third Force

Woe to the Drama, woe to the Novel! For the last five years our critical Jeremiahs have been calling down death and destruction on these two doomed mediums. Quite suddenly, in the last fortnight, there has come the hint of a break in the weather: we, the co-optimists, have felt the first rustle of a dawn wind blowing through English fiction and the English Theatre. Mr. Angus Wilson has surprised even his warmest admirers by writing a novel of a nineteenth-century breadth and design. At the Royal Court Theatre a young man of twenty-six, Mr. John Osborne, has produced a play, *Look Back in Anger*, whose dialogue has a crackling on-the-spotness of a kind unheard in the West End for ages. And now, to crown all, Mr. Peter Ustinov has written the political comedy of our generation. For a moment at least, the enemies of promise must hush and confess themselves defeated.

In some ways Mr. Ustinov resembles the late James Bridie. Both have the same gift for the comedy of ideas, both have brought a stimulating alienness to the English Theatre—Bridie the dram-drinking high spirits of the unjustified sinner, Mr. Ustinov the nuances of St. Petersburg, Old Style. Both share the same outstanding weakness—an apparent disinclination to write a play with a beginning, a middle and a satisfactory end. Time and again we have seen the great talents of both playwrights squandered and dispersed on a brilliant near-hit. But now at last Mr. Ustinov has plugged his comic target squarely in the centre. He has written a play that is Aristophanic and inimitable, a play that only he could have written. The wit seethes and bubbles, there is not a moment's *longueur* or distraction in it. *Romanoff and Juliet*, at the Piccadilly, bears all the stamp of a born writer of high comedy whose powers are at their full.

The scene is partly "the main square in the capital of the smallest country in Europe", partly the interiors of the Russian and United States embassies that flank it on either hand (M. Jean-Denis Malcles has designed a splendid set for all this). The lovers attempting to hold hands through the curtain of international discord are Igor Romanoff, son of the Russian ambassador, and Juliet, only daughter of the Hon. Hooper Moulsworth, envoy of the U.S. Between them, an Offenbach magician in beard, eyeglasses and top hat, is the General-cum-President, Mr. Ustinov himself, at his most cordial, most embarrassed and most non-committal. "They know your code," he tells the first diplomat. "We know they know our code." "They know you know their code"—and so it goes on, the Ruritanian mouse playing shuttlecock between these two power-crazed tabbies. Will the General's small nation, ravaged by the Albanians, the Lithuanians and everybody else in turn, redeemed only by King Theodore the Uncanny's marriage to a Spanish Infanta, escape the tidal pull of Moscow? Alternatively, how can it, in face of the pressure from Washington, possibly fail to adhere to the Western bloc? And how, in the midst of such desperate alignments, can Igor marry Juliet?

The plenipotentiaries glower at their offspring, their matrons eye them with pained embarrassment. What on earth have we done to bring this ideological dishonour on our house? And what will the children's respective *fiancés* think—Freddie Vanderstuitt, that young pillar of the American refrigerating industry, Junior Captain Marfa Zlotochienki, the dashing commander of a Soviet sloop? The Russian embassy is rent with extra dissensions. The Embassy Spy has failed them. He has correctly denounced the ambassador (who welcomed October '17, but hates what has happened since), and also the ambassador's wife (who covets a Paris hat), but at the same time he has denounced himself, proclaiming that he has caught religion and wishes to join the Mauve Friars—a local Order of the strictest severity, who have vowed neither to sit or stand but only shuffle about on their knees.

But, of course, it all ends happily. The General's mercurial strategy sees to that. Mr. Ustinov has written a *Lysistrata* for our time and his moral—love laughs at ideological locksmiths—is a contemporary comment on the poet's choric marriage of Athens and Sparta at the end of the play:

> Now for the Chorus, the Graces, the minstrelsy.
> Call upon Artemis, queen of the glade;
> Call on her brother, the Lord of festivity,
> Holy and gentle one, mighty to aid.
> Call upon Bacchus, afire with his Maenades;
> Call upon Zeus, in the lightning arrayed;
> Call on his queen, ever blessed, adorable;
> Call on the holy, infallible Witnesses,
> Call them to witness the peace and the harmony,
> This which divine Aphrodite has made . . .

The play is admirably produced by Mr. Denis Carey. The two lovers (Miss Katy Vail and Mr. Michael David) are suitably Arcadian, and as the American envoy Mr. John Phillips gives the best comedy performance of his career.

One last word, not, I hope, too fulsome, for I admit that this play has moved and cheered me more than anything that I have seen in the West End for many months. Sitting in the theatre last Friday night, I had a feeling that I had never heard an English audience respond to a comedy of intelligence so perfectly. All over the house waves of laughter broke out as, in line after line of brilliant dialogue, Mr. Ustinov's alternate hits at Big Brother and Uncle Sam registered with magnificent effect. There was one other moment, too, that I shall always remember—the brief speech which Mr. Frederick Valk, as the Russian envoy, makes in defence of the revolutionary dream, a dream that has faded and gone sour on the dreamers' children. Mr. Valk spoke his lines as finely as anything of the kind can be spoken in the theatre and the effect upon his audience was extraordinary. It produced applause of a kind that one has only heard tell of in the French theatre in the nineteenth century. We might have been hearing a *tirade* from *Hernani* or *Marie Tudor*. It was most un-English and altogether admirable.

JOHN RAYMOND

Neutral Against the Reds

SINCE I do not usually watch television for fun, and since I have reviewed (and praised) *Panorama* and Woodrow Wyatt rather too often, I did not happen to see Mr. Wyatt's much-discussed intrusion into the electoral affairs of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, which only the *Daily Telegraph* seemed to be quite happy about.

I have, however, studied the recorded script of it with care; and non-Communist friends—notably Sir Leslie Plummer, who will be raising the matter in the House of Commons on May 30—assure me that, as one might expect, the impact of the actual broadcast was far sharper than the bare script might suggest.

In the script, indeed, it is clear that Mr. Wyatt was at some pains formally to cover himself and the BBC from a charge of political bias. Ostensibly, all that he sought to do was to diminish apathy and to encourage more AEU members to exercise their democratic right of voting. "Now, of course," he said, "if you want a Communist-dominated AEU, well, that's entirely your affair. This is a democratic country, and you've the right to vote in as many Communist officials as you like. But"—and there was, of course, always a "but"; and these rather patronising professions of tolerance had been preceded immediately by an alarming prediction of the AEU as "an instrument of the Communist Party . . . more useful to them than having fifty members of Parliament."

Mr. Wyatt himself would not, with a straight face, pretend that he was really being impartial. He told me, quite frankly, that it was his hope that an increased vote would mean a rebuff to the Communist minority. I remarked that he had not, at any point in his broadcast, suggested that the voters should consider the various candidates on their merits as industrial negotiators or administrators. "That's another matter," he said. I said that I should have thought it a

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primary consideration in a union election. "You must also take account," he replied, "of the long-term effects of the politics of the people concerned." But this wasn't an "also" in his *Panorama* item; it was his only main point.

The BBC itself is less candid, or more obtuse, than Mr. Wyatt. A BBC spokesman assures me that the Corporation officially takes the view—"a very firm view"—that the broadcast was "not an infringement of impartiality"—indeed, that it "doesn't even raise the question of impartiality." He added that Mr. Wyatt had given "a factual report" and that "if he took a line at all, it was not over Communism as such, but over the duty of voting." If the BBC believes that, it will believe anything.

He added an assurance which, in view of what he had already said, was perhaps a little self-contradictory: "this does not represent the beginning of an anti-Communist policy by the BBC." This may or may not be comforting to Communists. It will hardly reassure those, such as Left-wing Socialists, who have already been, and may increasingly be, victims of a discrimination blandly described as non-existent by those practising it. This is surely a remarkable example of English hypocrisy—and hypocrisy became almost sublime when I asked the BBC spokesman why, if the BBC was so keen that voters should vote, similar exhortations had not been broadcast before (for instance, at the recent municipal elections, in which, too, Communists were standing), and he replied "Ah, we can't do political broadcasts based on an election."

* * *

Mr. Wyatt's effort, however, was subtle and restrained in comparison with an item in a recent edition of ITV's *This Week* of which I have had complaints from many Cypriots.

One of those who complained is a restaurant manager who served for seven years, and held a commission, in the British Army. Like most other Greek Cypriots, he is a passionate supporter of *Enosis.* Like other Greek Cypriots in London, he is desperately unhappy about the present situation, with its clash of loyalties. It is a tense and delicate situation; but *This Week* chose to portray the Cypriots in our midst, not with sympathy or even objectively, but as, themselves, potential terrorists or murderers. Typical Cypriots were filmed—a waiter, a barber, a barman—and, as the barber's hand was shown with his razor shaving a customer's throat, the commentator said, in a suggestively sinister voice: "What does he think of you . . . *deep down . . .?*"

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This was the part that Cypriots found most offensive. I thought that the interviews by Mr. Douglas Warth that followed were, in a way, even worse. The questions—delivered in a heavy, hostile, insulting tone—were as "loaded" as questions could be, and of the kind that just could not be answered with a plain yes or no. Were these Cypriots, Mr. Warth wanted to know, "pro-British" or "anti-British"? (No distinction between British people and British Government seemed possible to him.) And, when one of them mentioned self-determination, Mr. Warth flattened him with the intelligent sneer: "Oh, it's self-determination you're after now, is it—not *Enosis?*"

Knowing something of the pressure under which this programme has to be produced, I do not blame its producer, Mr. Peter Hunt, overmuch. "We wanted not to pull our punches," he told me, "but not to be offensive." I believe that he tried, unsuccessfully, to be fairer than his material allowed him to be: he did let the Cypriot editor have the last word, putting the responsibility on the Government, and he cut out at least one question so disgusting and so impertinent that I will not quote it. But the damage had already been done in the collection of the material. The programme must have been rushed together without sufficient preparation or knowledge. Nor can the excuse be made that this is a "national" issue, above party differences; for the Labour Party is officially opposed to the Government on it.

* * *

There is a real dilemma here. All of us want more lively controversial broadcasting; we have blamed the BBC in the past for being too timid, too scrupulously impartial. Nor can there be a perfect balance within each controversial programme. (But how often are Tories stirred to indignant protest by something that they see or hear on the BBC or on ITV?) I hope that this particular row will not discourage producers from handling political controversy; but I am sure that, in these two instances, it was not handled in the right way.

TOM DRIBERG

Child of the Woodshed

LESS than a year ago there arrived through the post a copy of *Macbeth* and a bloodstained paper knife: this was to advertise *Joe Macbeth*, a gangster piece varying Shakespeare. It didn't come off. Nor, with me, did the stunt, for I had quite forgotten the name of Ken Hughes when I went to the Leicester Square cinema to see *Wicked As They Come.*

It begins, blackly and none too certainly, with a girl in a New York slum who can't bear to be touched and uses her fascination to get elected as Miss Stylewear of 1956. The prize is a wardrobe and a trip to Europe. So launched, she begins to work her way up and her first major success is to get engaged to a Londoner, run up a bill for £1,000 at the dressmaker's, pawn the clothes, and disappear. Then she picks on a big button-pusher and artfully tricks him into making her his mistress. His wife offers to buy her off. She refuses. "Strange girl," muses the wife; and the next thing she learns is that her father, the boss of everything and no chicken, is going to marry her. Where will she end? With a murder charge. Her first discarded lover has come back to shoot her, and she shoots her elderly, rich husband by mistake.

This sounds, and is, shop-soiled. But the odd thing is that by hard, sharp handling the story has been brought to life. It is, in its way, quite relentless, and we watch the progress of this go-getter with amusement, then fascination, and finally dread as the ironies get the better of her. She is so guilelessly charming, and unerring as a surgeon's knife. She can't fail to get to the top—and topple. A newcomer—new to me, anyway—Arlene Dahl, plays her with beguiling ease; and the steps of her ladder—each man richer and older than the last, with a wry true lover hanging on—are made solid by Phil Carey, Michael Goodliffe, Herbert Marshall and Ralph Truman. Half the success of the film is due to a light hard touch and a terseness of scene and dialogue which keeps the tale from becoming episodic. Even the end—with a brief recognition that her "kink" came from an assault in childhood, and the patient lover's "I really don't know," when from behind prison bars she asks "Is it too late, Tim?"—achieves the right mixture of shrug and compassion. Ken Hughes has a talent for irony, cruel observation of character, quick, precise action, and the rich glitter of corruption.

Like last week's *Patterns of Power*, which dealt with big business, *The Rack* (at the Rialto) with its problem of a hero from Korea court martialled for collaborating with the enemy, derives from a TV play. Now, as then, there is no music background, and most of the scene is confined to the court room. I'm not sure that it wouldn't have done well, having this restricted origin, to restrict still more, start off in court, and stay there as much as possible. The case is introduced with the remark that it is only one of hundreds, and that an example must be made. The accused had given way under duress, and the argument is whether he really reached breaking point or not: he is found guilty. There are probing moments in this uneven film. Though not such apt film-making as *Patterns of Power*, this piece shows that Hollywood can learn terse dialogue from the TV play.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Don Juan" and "The Death of Satan", at the Royal Court Theatre

Neither of these dramas by Mr. Ronald Duncan makes a really satisfactory play, but the second has its moments. The first treats the Don Juan legend, but in a most uninspired manner. Juan is shown as a man of no morality, prepared to bet even on the success of his seduction of the Dona Ana on the eve of her nunhood. Only when Ana has died of grief does he experience remorse. After some painful, long-winded and, on the whole, barren conversational dialectics with the effigies of those he has offended, Juan finds some belief in Christian values. Hell, he concludes, is the state of being alone. Mr. Duncan implies that Juan's soul can be saved through the very prayers of those he has victimised.

The second play is altogether more sprightly. The author has imagined a Hell like a shabby Conservative club inhabited by Byron, Shaw, Wilde and Don Juan. But to Satan's exasperation only Juan suffers pangs of remorse; and the devil, uneasy at the present human indifference to wrong, sends him back to earth for an on-the-spot assessment. Juan finds that time has played havoc with his way and code of life. Satan has worked the human conscience to impotency. This knowledge kills Satan. From a Christian viewpoint Mr. Duncan lets fly in satire, ridicule and high good-humour at our present ethics. He finds that the state of Heaven is to remember and that of Hell to forget.

In both he is well served by his actors. Mr. Keith Michell makes a fine presence of Juan, displaying the part boldly; Miss Rosalie Crutchley gives a more effective performance as a latter-day editress than as Dona Ana; and Mr. Michael Gwynn is delightfully petulant as the thwarted Satan.

M. C.

Correspondence

TRAIAN CERCEGA

SIR,—Mr. Mallalieu's interview with the Rumanian Social-Democratic leader, Traian Cercega, shows beyond doubt that, though he is no longer in prison, he is still not a free agent. Of the many half-truths he was able to tell Mr. Mallalieu, there is one which it is dangerous to let pass. The opponents of the 1948 fusion between the Socialists and Communists had nothing to do with Titel Petrescu, the former chairman of the Socialist Party. He left the S.D.P. in 1946 and subsequently formed the Independent Social Democratic Party. The opposition to the 1948 fusion came from men who, like Cercega, had not followed Petrescu's splinter group and continued to collaborate with the Communists in the United Front until Moscow told Bucharest to destroy the Socialist organisation. The S.D.P. Congress of October, 1947, though taken by surprise by an ultimatum demanding fusion, did not go further than to reaffirm its traditional adherence to the principle of working-class unity and give the newly elected central committee instructions to "discuss" with the Communist leadership the question of a possible fusion. At the first joint meeting of the two central committees on November 12, 1947, under the threat of force, the Socialist delegates accepted all the Communist proposals, including a "platform" which was a copy of the Stalinist programme. The Socialist leadership naturally did not dare to summon the statutory Congress to endorse this arrangement for the dissolution of the S.D.P. in favour of the Communist Party. The "fusion" Congress of February, 1948, from which the C.P. emerged under its new name of "The Rumanian Workers' Party", was thus only a formality and that was all. Of the more than 600,000 members of the S.D.P. at the beginning of 1947, only 132,000 joined the new organisation. Of the 36 members of the October, 1947, executive, only ten (no worker among them) found a place among the 31 members of the R.W.P.'s first central committee and only five of them have survived to the second. By March 28, 1948, the Socialist parliamentary group of 81 members had melted to six. To my personal knowledge, Traian Cercega was not among those who joined the Workers' Party.

London, N.6. DANIEL NORMAN

SOCIALISTS AND COMMUNISM

SIR,—May I, as a member of the Communist Party, join those who have welcomed the article by G. D. H. Cole in your recent issue? I was disappointed not to find in subsequent issues any letter from a leading member of our party expressing this welcome. I know, of course, that Maurice Dobb, G. D. H. Cole himself, and Abe Moffatt have written articles in the *Daily Worker*, but many of your readers will not have seen them, and it is surely up to Communists to join in the correspondence in your columns. Our failure to do so is, in my view, another example of our much-criticised (but little-remedied) sectarianism.

Discussions between Socialists and Communists, such as G. D. H. Cole called for, demand a willingness on both sides to see our own faults and speak of them publicly. I believe that the recent resolution of our Executive Committee was a big step in the right direction, especially as points pressed by the rank-and-file played an important part in shaping it. But both our E.C. and we as individual Communists still have a long way to go. There are still offensive personal attacks on Labour Party leaders in the *Daily Worker*, and sometimes even the rank-and-file Labour supporters are not treated much better. (On the front page of the May 7 issue it was reported in ten lines that "several thousand" took part in the official Labour May Day march, and the report was headed "Labour flags led hundreds.")

For our part, as individual Communists, I believe that we must be much more willing to express, both in the party and outside it, such criticisms as those of what we believe to be our party's shortcomings. I know that some Communists feel that to say such things in your columns may do us harm. I think on the contrary that *not* to say them does us much more. If we are not prepared as individuals to express our criticisms publicly, Socialists will see that we are not ready to be frank with them, and will to that extent quite properly distrust us. And in that case the greater measure of unity which we and they both desire will be harder to achieve.

RALPH RUSSELL

41 Chiswick Lane, W.4.

FRENCH COLONIAL POLICY

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct one misconception and some erroneous figures concerning French North Africa which you published in London Diary? "The ruling view in France," says Critic, "is that the only way of dealing with a determined nationalist rising is to massacre so many that the rest keep quiet." This is certainly not the "ruling" view in France, or even the view of the Mollet-Lacoste government. This view has been—and still is—held by certain extremists, or by panic-stricken persons, in the 1.5 million strong French community in North Africa, as well as among a few generals—particularly air force generals (as is, indeed, apparent from the report of the parliamentary mission on Algeria last July). But it is certainly not the "ruling" view—if only because a general massacre in Algeria would today finally ruin any prospect of the much-sought-for *modus vivendi* between France on the one hand and Tunisia and Morocco on the other. At present the Mollet government is waging what is still a "small" war, and is hoping that something will "turn up": a joint Nato (rather than U.N.) plan, acceptable to the Algerian Liberation Committee in Cairo; or else that partition plan for Algeria which M. Edgar Faure may bring out of his pocket the moment things become too desperate: under it, eastern Algeria, I understand, would become a semi-independent Arab state, while parts of Algiers and Oran provinces (with their large European population) would become an integral part of metropolitan France.

As regards Critic's figures on past massacres, these are surely (with one exception) greatly exaggerated. He says there have been "four great massacres" in recent years. Nearly 45,000 Algerians, he says, were shot in 1945. Even so great (and anti-colonialist) an authority as Professor C. A. Julien dismisses this figure put out by Arab propaganda, and concludes, after a close inquiry, that the figure was between 6,000 and 8,000 (quite bad enough, of course).

On the other hand, it is wholly untrue that in the Cap Bon "massacres" in 1952 20,000 Tunisians were killed. There was, in fact, no such thing as a "Cap Bon massacre." Several villages were looted and burned down, chiefly by the Foreign Legion, a few persons were killed and numerous Moslem women were raped. It was a savage and disgusting affair, but not involving any loss of life, except of a few individuals—perhaps five or ten. No systematic massacre was intended in this case.

I do not know what Critic's evidence is for 40,000 Algerians and Moroccans having been massacred last August. This was a horrible affair, in which 162 Europeans, including small children, had their throats cut by Arabs in Algeria and Morocco. There followed punitive expeditions, in which, according to the French, 1,000 "rebels" were killed. I understand that these reprisals, which were beastly enough, though understandable (when one considers the unspeakable horror of the massacre of practically the whole European population of towns like Oued Zem and Kenifra) were, however, limited to a few thousand; and did not run into tens of thousands.

Madagascar was quite another matter. Here, as distinct from North Africa (where the proximity of Europe, as well as Arab opinion generally have to be considered) something resembling a policy of "the bigger the massacre, the longer peace and quiet afterwards" was resorted to. After the massacre of 200 Europeans in Madagascar in March, 1947, the French troops embarked on a major massacre in which an appalling number of men, women and even children were killed. Critic's 45,000 is a relatively "low" figure. In my book, *France 1940-1955* (pp. 464-5) I quote a highly significant debate on the subject, in which the government, and particularly M. de Chevigné, the ex-Governor-General of Mada-

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see tomorrow's ***Daily Worker***

gascar, were accused of having murdered 80,000 people, a figure which has been repeatedly quoted in the left-wing press, notably by the Catholic monthly, *Esprit*. M. de Chevigné, without challenging the figure, feebly suggested that these were people "who had been loyal to France," and had, for that reason, been driven into the jungle by the "rebels," and had died there of hunger and disease—a "tall" story, if ever there was one. No official figure has ever been quoted, but one Minister once unofficially suggested that "only" 20,000 had been killed in Madagascar in 1947. This, I think, was really the only case among the four quoted by Critic, in which "massacre" was part of a conscious and determined "pacification" policy.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Le Bugue, Dordogne.

SIR,—You accuse my country of a deliberate policy of extermination in North Africa and base this monstrous accusation on figures the source of which one would like to discover. Certainly your readers would be interested to know that the casualties in Cap Bon, Tunisia, in 1952, numbered 200 and not, as you print, 20,000. You say that 40,000 Algerians and Moroccans were killed by the French soldiers in August last year. In fact, casualties amongst rebels in Algeria during the period November 1, 1954, and February 20, 1956, were: 3,724 killed, 393 wounded, 2,000 prisoners. All these casualties were a result of military operations, as no death sentences have been carried out.

May I add that in the same period the rebels inflicted the following casualties on the civilian population: 1,328 killed, 500 missing, 884 wounded—90 per cent of these victims were Moslems and fellow-countrymen of their murderers.

BERTRAND DE LA SALLE,
French Embassy. *Press Attaché*

SIR,—Critic remarks that "the figure of insurgents killed in the Madagascar rising after the war was, if I remember rightly, 45,000." According to the French official figures the number killed was 80,000, though the Malagasy leaders claim that the real figure was over 100,000.

Madagascar seems to be one of the "neglected areas" of the anti-colonialist movement. After the great rising of 1947 and the subsequent French massacres (about which the outside world knows so little) the three Malagasy members of the French National Assembly were sentenced to death. Their sentence was commuted to life imprisonment and it was only a month ago that the government of Guy Mollet released these nationalist leaders, who had spent nine years in gaol in Corsica.

K. MALIK

[Critic writes: How explain this fantastic diversity of figures? Alexander Werth says that perhaps five or ten Tunisians were killed at Cap Bon; M. de La Salle officially admits 200; my informant, who cross-questioned both French and Arabs, says that they agreed on a rough figure of 20,000. The explanation appears to be that French troops revenge Arab killings by indiscriminate slaughters which appear in official figures as a "military operation," to which afterwards are added a small number of death sentences. Exact figures will never be obtainable. At Oued-Zem last August—when admittedly many thousands were killed—the authorities set fire to the bodies of the slaughtered Arabs before anyone had a chance to count them. A figure of 80,000 killed in Madagascar in 1947 was officially admitted in the French Chambre des Députés; this may have included those who died in the hills as well as those who were shot or bayoneted. As to the "Setif masssacre" in May, 1945, *Réalités Algériennes* (published in Paris) gave the figure of Arabs killed as 45,000. This figure (published in January, 1953) has not, I believe, been officially denied. The *Middle East Journal* (an authoritative American publication) concluded in 1948 that the number killed in Algeria in 1945 lay somewhere between 17,000 and 40,000. In face of these estimates it would seem rash to regard Arab propaganda figures as any more inaccurate than French official figures which are regularly falsified at the time, only to be exposed later on. It may well be that such massacres are not consciously a part of French government policy. The fact remains that very large numbers are killed and that no one is punished. Last year the weekly *L'Express* stated that General Duval, the French Military Commander in one region of Algeria, issued an order of the day on May 8, 1945, giving his troops permission to kill every adult Arab during the next 24 hours. This statement has not, I believe, ever been officially denied, nor has *The Times* withdrawn its statement on May 14, 1956, that French troops wiped out the entire male population of a village near El Milia (Constantine). Doubtless M. de La Salle would claim that these killings were merely "a result of military operations."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

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LAWRENCE & WISHART

MONKEYS FOR RESEARCH

SIR,—Critic may rest assured that the use in this country of monkeys for medical research and drug standardisation is strictly limited and rigorously controlled. Apart from any less mundane consideration, no biologist is going to slaughter monkeys at £6 to £8 a head unless he is compelled to do so for lack of any other suitable material.

Some monkeys are certainly used in the standardising and testing of anti-poliomyelitis vaccine, but a large proportion, probably most, of the small monkeys imported into this country, both from India and elsewhere, are not required for research into or even control of medicinal substances. Indeed, their use does not come under the so-called "Vivisection" Act at all. They are the animals from which, immediately after they have been killed, the kidneys are removed in order to make up the culture medium in which alone the antigen-producing strains of poliomyelitis virus can be grown for the production of an effective vaccine. It has been calculated that, by the technique used in this country, the two kidneys from a single monkey are required to produce enough vaccine to immunise up to about 1,500 children. Vigorous research continues with the object of producing a more economical, more convenient and more congenial medium for tissue culture than the kidneys of freshly killed monkeys. A small number of monkeys are necessarily used with the object of testing the experimental vaccines produced by growing the virus in other tissues, such as the fertilised hen's egg.

It is essential that the monkeys whose kidneys are to be used for cultivating virus should be in a state of complete freedom from bacterial and virus infection, so that the user has a direct practical interest, to supplement his normal humanitarian feelings, in ensuring that the monkeys reach him and are maintained in the best possible health before they are killed.

A. L. BACHARACH

26 Willow Road, London, N.W.3.

GEORGE MEREDITH

SIR,—Mr. Pritchett in his review of my book on Meredith denies any essential difference between Meredith's conflict with the middle-class audience and that of other Victorian novelists. But which of the others in his first two mature works came into head-on collision, or set out so clear an idea of an alternative audience, a not-yet-existent mass-audience (as Meredith in, say, *Foresight and Patience*)?

In some points Mr. Pritchett hardly bothers to do my careful analysis justice. I did not condemn *Diana* for its American success; I merely found it to lack certain elements of Meredith's deeper depictions of development. However, it is not any particular point I wanted to raise. In my book I attempt to show Meredith, the 1848 Radical who derived largely from the early Carlyle and Mazzini, reapplying and concretely developing his ideas in terms of the new pressures and divisions of Victorian society after 1848. I attempt to show the close relation of his underlying patterns to the fundamental conflicts emerging, so that, with all his sharp detachment and irony, he expressed the deepest aspects of what was happening to people in the years of crucial change leading up to 1914. Herein lies the paradox his work, its peculiar achievement and its cogent meaning for us today.

I may indeed oversharpen some aspects of his thinking. It is hard not to do so in dealing consistently and at length with a writer whose specific contribution lies in a ceaseless struggle for a new and definite *consciousness* of method and relations (both artistic and social). I think I show how the inner strain keeps driving him off his creative balance into arid and prickly passages, and how his artistic energy reasserts itself and in the last resort dominates the situation, with a sharp penetration into reality in all its fullness. It is from this angle that I make my long analysis of his relation to the public and to the critics, and discuss the whole question of his form and content. Mr. Pritchett finds all this "obtuse"; his adjective would perhaps own greater force if he showed any understanding of what issues have been raised.

JACK LINDSAY

Castle Hedingham.

OFFICIAL SECRETS

SIR,—Every publisher must have his tales to tell of dealings with the Service departments concerning the clearance of books—some gay, by reason of their futility, others sorry because of the frustration or injustice involved. My favourite—gay—concerns a book in which the author, about to recount a wartime adventure, admitted that in the course of a "clearing-up" task at the War Office while awaiting demobilisation, he had come across the official file containing the plans for and reports on the outcome of the operation.

Thinking that these were likely to be of more interest to him than to anyone else, in the event of his one day wanting to write about them, he appropriated the file. He admitted this misdemeanour in his book, commenting that his action undoubtedly accounted for the fact that this particular operation found no place in Sir Winston Churchill's history of the war.

When the book was in due course submitted to the War Office for clearance, it was this single admission, that he had taken the file, and nothing else, that we were called upon to delete. When asked to explain on what grounds under the Official Secrets Act such a demand could be justified, there was no reply, and the passage was allowed to stand.

Collins, R. J. POLITZER
14 St. James's Place, S.W.1.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

All About Ourselves

> Every man looks before himself, said Montaigne, I look within myself. I have no business but with myself. . . . Many years are past since I have no other aim whereto my thoughts bend but myself, and that I control and study nothing but myself. There is no description so hard, so profitable as is the description of a man's own life.

Anyone who has tried to write a few pages about his own life knows the truth of that last sentence. We have looked too much "before" ourselves; the stairway behind us dissolves. But the difficulty is not only in the gaps and illusions of memory—though that is bad enough—nor does it lie in the way the lit-up theatre of childhood puts the later years into a half light, so that we seem to have lived the rest of our lives as a mere bemused audience of our own past. The real trouble is that we find no ground under our feet when we start to write; the subject that looked familiar and ready-made turns out to be no less than the total wilderness and mystery. The very first fact we set down has the hollow, shiftless sound of a lie that could be easily changed for another. We have had a life, but what has happened to the selves that have inhabited it? They have gone like old love-affairs. We have worn out the first person singular in watching other people. Yet if we had been born writers about ourselves, as Montaigne, Pepys, Rousseau or Boswell were, we would have renewed the first person continually in the shameless or clandestine trysts of self-love. We were not so born. We produce the normal autobiography: the life, the busy record of family, friends, career and events, without a self to support its tacit self-importance. Too indolent to create an immortal soul, we settle for the small property of an epitaph and a cheerful plot in the graveyard of history and anecdote.

Mr. Wethered's *The Curious Art of Autobiography** is a pleasant but very scrappy and incurious book, yet it does bring out this distinction between the egotists and the rest. He begins with the mad, extroverted Cellini and the sane, introverted Montaigne in the 16th century and goes on, historically, through such writers as Bunyan, Pepys, Gibbon, Rousseau, Borrow, Trollope, Newman, down to Benson, Conrad and Kipling. (Borrow's odd: he made sedentary people feel tough.) The book distinguishes between their varieties of self-love or self-experience and makes its points by quotation. Some of Mr. Wethered's subjects cannot really be called writers about the self in the strictly autobiographical sense. The pages that Conrad and Kipling wrote about themselves are addenda, an indulgence of the curious public, no more. Trollope's *Autobiography* has a claim to idiosyncrasy and is informative. He was hot-tempered, opinionated and was a concentrated personality; but we see how his book is merely useful and surprising, whereas Gibbon's lives in its own right, outside his fame, as the classic exposition of self-complacency. If the self of Montaigne is mobile in its essence, Gibbon's is lapidary and stands still. But, when Mr. Wethered takes Meredith as a self-lover, we have to object on principle. An autobiographer may choose to subdue himself and put the emphasis on the people in his life; or he may look upon the self alone. He is not an autobiographer when he escapes the difficulty and transposes himself in a novel or a poem. The self-loving autobiographer is a man lost, for the moment, in the romance of his own life, who has a schizophrenic skill in splitting into self and adoring parasite. To project a self into an imaginary world is to run away from the subject and the morbid difficulty. It breaks with the prime intention: to delimit and try and tell the truth. Quite openly, the self-portraying novelist tells a lie; he creates, as Meredith did in *Harry Richmond* or *The Egoist*, a larger or fantasy self and perhaps a universal one. The Montaignes and the Pepyses owe nothing to universality, everything to the trivial and unique.

If we let Meredith in we do not, it is true, let in every novelist who has put himself into a book, but we would have also to let in Sterne, and Stendhal. (It is weak of Mr. Wethered to drop Stendhal.) But there are bound to be omissions in a haphazard book like this. More surprising than the absence of Stendhal is the neglect of Boswell. This makes nonsense of the book's historical scheme, for Boswell is a revolutionary figure. He unlocks a door. He is ego released from the classical and orthodox restraints, a prophet of the romantic conception of the self; he is also an obverse product of the movement that produced the diarising self-consciousness of Methodism. There are the same elements of self-analysis and the impulse to self-improvement; where the Methodists thought to improve by diarising their sins, Boswell naively hoped to advance by crowning his follies. But Mr. Wethered's scheme is merely chronological; it is not really historical. Else he would have gone into the relation of Montaigne's self-love to the religious and political fanaticism of his age and would have shown us that to love the self for its own sake is not continuously acceptable to every period. To Marxists, it is the bourgeois sin. If we except Newman's, are there any important English autobiographies in the 19th century? There is Ruskin's short masterpiece. There is Mill. (These two examinations are missing.) There is de Quincey's—he is included—there is Trollope. The dramatic Victorians preferred self-projection or revelations by letter. We pick up the self in fragments here and there, in the letters of the Carlyles, in the discussions of Thackeray or in the diaries of Kilvert. Society had begun to weigh heavily upon the self-loving man; indeed, appears to have taken over the pleasures of self-love and self-hatred.

No women appear in Mr. Wethered's book, a very peculiar omission. Are there no female egotists? It is true that they are chiefly observers of the life around them rather than of themselves, though a Maria Bashkirtseff or a Countess Tolstoy will plunge into her soul. We cannot imagine a female Rousseau; a woman Pepys or Boswell is grotesque and unthinkable. The sex is too armed and gracious to let down its guard and has (we are told) a mystery. Their preoccupation with the personal, their shrewd observation of others, make women too self-effacing, or too certain, to observe themselves. Among modern writers Virginia Woolf and Katherine Mansfield are self-conscious, but they have not, by nature, that degree or ease of egoism which allows a man to split into two and follow one part of himself like a devoted dog. In the outstanding male confessions, even in the complacency of a Gibbon or the self-satisfactions of Pepys, there is a naive and disinterested curiosity. They appear to be relaxing all claim to ownership of their personalities as they enlarge and describe them. (And yet, as I write this, I think of Santa Teresa.) I cannot think of a woman, before the twentieth century, who has published the fact that she was a fool, nor who has gloated over her personal habits with epicurean, licentious or phlegmatic pleasure. The courtesans make fun of their lovers, not of themselves. In our century, there have been some candid autobiographies by women to set beside those of our male contemporaries. They are exhibitionists, not gourmets of the self. It is possible to be candid and give nothing away.

Mr. Wethered suggests that the self-revelations of the past must be more interesting to us than those of the present, because of the light they have thrown on how our forbears lived and felt. This taste is trite. The tremendous expansion in autobiographical writing in our own time does not support him. Our emphasis on the self and the personal experience has two sources: our intense feeling of being part of history in the making and therefore of becoming very rapidly dated—we are always talking of decades and generations—and the dominant influence of psychological theory. Although Communist writers regard the enhancement of egoism as a sign of social disintegration, it is really revolutionary and is the necessary civilising force in mass society. It is the Welfare State that invents compassionate leave; the cult of security that provokes gambling. The protest on behalf of personal relationships and idiosyncrasy is a response to intolerable and anti-human pressures. Yet if we look at modern autobiographies of all sorts, we see that they are best when they are fragmentary: unabashed introspections like Mr. Cyril Connolly's account of Eton, or sweeping statements like George Orwell's. Or, when they reject ordinary chronology and are autobiographies ruled by a subject: T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars*. Modern autobiography fails when it has no attitude, when it has no special subject which rescues the self from the cliché of having lived. There is no credit in living; the credit is in being able to specify experience. I have always favoured the theory of the subject autobiography: the simple chronological transition from school to school, from job to job, country to country, friend to friend, has become conventional and has chosen too large a subject.

**The Curious Art of Autobiography. From Benvenuto Cellini to Rudyard Kipling.* By H. N. WETHERED. *Christopher Johnson.* 21s.

Not every bucketful of our lives in the conveyor belt from cradle to grave, is valuable. I would sooner have Henry Adams describing his mind or H. G. Wells attempting to do so. I would sooner read a life which was described from the point of view of the subject's illnesses, money affairs, neuroses, religion, conscience, social position, and so on, than toil after him, year by year, among events which become more generalised the older he gets. I greatly suspect books which modestly aim to set down a record for the benefit of posterity. And, in any case, records do not write themselves. Nothing in this *genre* lasts unless it is done with art; and yet, so strong is egoism, we are more tempted to use the "I" without art than any other pronoun. It is the Jehovah complex.

V. S. PRITCHETT

If You Must

Shut your eyes.

The great tides of the dark
Tug at your heart. Storm dies
As insensible currents sweep
Your elaborate senses back
Into the timeless deep.

And that is good, But when
The long waves cast you up
What reaches for the pen?
A firm and honest hand?
Or is the inordinate grip
Trembling still, half-stunned?

Do you label it with
Symbols thawed from the cold
Storage of a myth?
Or even, killed and caught,
Cram it through some old
Slicer of structured thought?

Does the loud dithyramb
Or high dramatic pose
Overexpose the dumb
Moment of furthest night
When the great tide rose
And darkness subsumed light?

Or can you set down clear
That sole experience
Strictly received, as near
As light can realise
To what flowed only once
When you shut your eyes?

ROBERT CONQUEST

The Strangers' Gallery

After the Sultan dies, the monkeys come
benignly scratching in the ruined court-room—
more dignified, in fact, than he had been:
less formidable, lacking his opportunities.

We have pulled out the teeth of Government.
where once it sat, there is the jawless face
of Mister Pontius Paradise
and all the other jawless faces
democracy propped to a sitting posture—

remarking now and then, a mule's falsetto:
"If necessary, we will end the world."

Long-lived, short-sighted, plausible, insincere,
pompous—and spiteful on a minor scale
they are not tyrants to the unpigmented
they bully only that which will not bite:
raw prefects of a rather nasty school.

They have a safety, there, which tyrants lack.
For tyrants there are always daggers. These
bladders deserve pins only. No Harmodius
has troubled yet to feel in his lapels.

ALEX COMFORT

A Mind, So Help Us!

The Letters of George Santayana. Edited by DANIEL CORY. *Constable.* 50*s.*

Some of the facts about Jorge Agustin Nicolás Ruiz de Santayana y Borrás are evidently as follows. Born in Madrid in 1863, he was taken, when he was eight, to Boston, Mass., where his mother had promised her rich first husband, an American, that their children should be educated and where she herself proposed to settle, having separated amicably from her second husband. In his early twenties, Jorge, now George (he always, however, retained his Spanish nationality), was in Germany with a travelling fellowship, and he taught philosophy at Harvard until he was forty-eight. Immobilised in England by the Kaiser's war, he thereafter settled in Rome. He was eighty-eight when he died, not yet four years ago.

He produced a good deal of systematic philosophy, as well as poems, plays, a novel, autobiographies and sociological pieces. His best-known English friends seem to have been the Russells (about whom he tells two good stories) and Robert Bridges. Logan Pearsall Smith edited a selection of his writings, and he was a good deal connected with William James, with whom, philosophically, he was in sympathy in so far as James led the revolt against Hegelianism. The chief figures in Santayana's pantheon were Aristotle, Spinoza and Schopenhauer, and he could be classed as an Aristotelian realist, though he also describes himself as "a platonist, and a materialist as well." His English publishers keep him in print in the sense of still carrying stocks of his books. The present volume was printed in America, and its American editor, whose notes are oddly and sometimes irritatingly repetitive but who nobly lets stand passages in which the Master pokes fun at him behind his back, was Santayana's disciple, amanuensis and friend during the last twenty-five years of his life.

The most glamorous intellectuals of our time were, I suppose, the two French ones, Gide and Valéry. Both were famous in part for negative reasons, for their uncommittedness, for never writing much in any one kind, for never quite developing a "line." This in itself was spellbinding, and Santayana is, I fancy, best understood as a spell-binder of the same kind, though nothing that he wrote is as likely to survive as the best of either Valéry or Gide.

It must be easier for American than for English readers to continue to feel that he speaks to their condition. His readers here will be mainly blue-sky readers. To "professional" (*i.e.*, academic) philosophers, he will seem "useful," if at all, only on "essence." And this will be final. A good minor poet or novelist may spend generations in oblivion and yet hope to have his fashion come round again. When a philosopher has once been forgotten, he stays forgotten. Nobody will ever again read McTaggart or even Collingwood. If anybody now turns to G. E. Moore, it will be a literary historian on the Bloomsbury trail, a trail which does not quite by-pass Santayana. It by-passes hardly anybody in twentieth-century literary history so far.

In itself, Santayana's is neither a very attractive nor a very unattractive mind. When I have tried to read him in the past, I have always begun by feeling that this was something I ought not to have missed, and after twenty or thirty pages I have found myself still admiring, but bored. I have, I may say, meticulously read every one of these four hundred and forty-two pages of letters and was still admiring, still bored, two-thirds of the way through. The interest of the later letters is keener.

Perhaps the man was simply too well-balanced. In his novel, *The Last Puritan*, which occupied him, intermittently, forty-five years, he outlines a predicament, partly his own but more broadly that of the New England genteel tradition. He insists, at times, that he is a Latin, a Mediterranean man, in moral complexion a Catholic. He lays claim to a vein of melancholy (after all, Spaniards are *supposed* to be melancholy), and he rejoices in having "an alternative tradition on which to fall back." Yet he was middle-aged when he finally expatriated himself, and the grounds on which he did so were not very different from those we tacitly impute to Henry James, T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Logan Pearsall Smith or many another well-read, well-breeched American. Like many people destined to live long, he worried about his health. He also worried, occasionally, about "the absurdity of living well on invisible wealth."

What he always seems to have lacked was any real defining situation. To some extent, mere old age provided this. It was at last something Santayana was engaged with, up against, a form of iron necessity. At the same time, the public and intellectual events he had to react to become more interesting to a reader not of his generation. Intellectually, he was defending and re-defining himself against American commentators with new preoccupations. He read Heidegger, Jaspers and Sartre, the logical positivists, Ezra Pound and a host of younger poets, and he was alive enough to respond positively to them all, except the logical positivists, whom he regarded as carrying to an extreme the *subjectivism* of English or rather of British philosophy, since two of its chief vehicles were Hume and Berkeley.

His reaction to public events was always tepid. In 1914, he did not mind who won, but later hoped it would be England and France. He viewed the prospect of Bolshevism with equanimity, thought Mussolini good for the Italians, reported himself as duly "concerned about the war in Spain" and some of his connections there as perhaps "actually fighting—of course on the nationalistic side." Among the "absurdities" which to his mind the events of *l'entre deux guerres* discredited was "representative government"—which he thought against nature and indeed against liberty. After living through Hitler's war in Rome, he found himself signing autographs for American soldiers and rebutting vague charges of Fascism. He comes rather well out of all this, and it is impossible not to be moved and impressed by eager lucidity in a man nearly eighty-nine who seems to know exactly when he will die.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

Pelican Guidance

The Pelican Guide to English Literature. Edited by BORIS FORD. **Vol. I : The Age of Chaucer. Vol. II : The Age of Shakespeare. Vol. III : From Donne to Marvell.** *Penguin Books.* 5*s.*, 5*s.* and 3*s.* 6*d.*

Three out of the seven volumes of the *Pelican Guide to English Literature* have now appeared. They are addressed to that large class of people—intellectually serious and acquisitive, but not academic—which is often called the Third Programme public. In fact the best things in these volumes do remind one of the Third Programme's happiest moments. Professor Pevsner achieves great range and compression without abandonment of style in his essay on medieval architecture. Mr. Joseph's account of Elizabethan acting is an attractive summary of his own pioneer work on stage gesture and "pronunciation." Professor Harding, writing about Wyatt, will convince a lot of people that traditional criticism has underrated a very original and influential poet.

These essays fall within a general scheme which is novel in its conception. Histories of English literature (excluding single-volume surveys of which the book by two Frenchmen, Legouis and Cazamian, is easily the best) have either been of the One Man Band kind, at once impressive and absurd, like Saintsbury's; or else, like the Cambridge History, they are the fruit of team work, aiming at comprehensiveness, dispassion, authority, and at any rate providing a refuge in time of trouble for idle undergraduates and busy schoolmasters. The Oxford History, struggling towards completion through the middle decades of the twentieth century, represents team work of another kind in that each volume is entirely in the hands of a single scholar.

The novelty of the Pelican Guide rests in the way it is designed to reflect a specific critical attitude to literature. As Mr. Ford puts it, in his editorial introduction:

> Thus each volume of the *Guide* has been planned as a whole, and the contributors have been chosen as writers who would be inclined and willing to fit themselves together into this common pattern. Moreover, this has meant that they are people whose approach to literature is based on common assumptions, for it was essential that the *Guide* should have cohesion and should reveal some collaborative agreements.

The result of this is that nearly all the literary criticism is written under the shadow of Mr. Eliot's early essays and of Dr. Leavis's books and his work as editor of *Scrutiny*. Mr. Eliot makes a good model, both in respect of his dry, businesslike manner and of his method of comparison and analysis which can yield valuable results in any but the clumsiest hands. But Dr. Leavis is a different case. He is a critic of genius who expresses himself in an evil style which nobody should try to imitate, and who has appropriated a set of terms to indicate his own sense of literary values—terms which sound sententious and even impertinent in another man's mouth. There is too much talk of positive values, of maturity, of significance, of serious standards; there is too much gritty and periphrastic writing throughout the present essays. And there is too much confusing of life and art in the cause of moral earnestness. Mr. Ford seems to be aware of this last tendency. "Not that one is offering literature," he warns us in his general introduction, "as a substitute religion or as providing a philosophy for life." But ten pages later a member of the *Scrutiny* team is praising Chaucer for his "mastery of his art—which is at the same time a mastery of life. . . ." And that won't do at all.

One reason why the new *Guide* is as good as it is has been hinted at already. Some of the ablest contributors are not in any narrow sense literary men. Professor Pevsner, of course, teaches fine art, and Professor Harding psychology; while each volume has a very competent essay on the social background to the literature of the period, and the marginal studies, like the one on Elizabethan and Jacobean music, are of a high standard.

Another reason is that the contributors have sometimes shown the good sense to ignore their mandate, or at least to translate it into reasonable terms. "In conclusion," writes Mr. Ford,

> it need only be added that the contributors agreed on the need for rigorous standards, and that they have felt it essential to take no reputations for granted, but rather to examine once again, and often in close detail, the strength and weakness of our literary heritage.

So I turned at once to the Shakespeare chapters, goggle-eyed with anticipation. But there I found Shakespeare's reputation still being taken for granted ("That these things are great poetry goes without saying") and even a certain measure of old-fashioned prostration before his genius ("In none of the tragedies is there anything superfluous, but it is perhaps *Macbeth* that gives the keenest sense of economy")—uncritical no doubt, but it was a relief to find sanity breaking in.

Finally, these three volumes are well planned. The first is built round Chaucer, with an anthology of medieval texts not readily obtainable elsewhere; and the second round Shakespeare. The third covers the period from Donne to Marvell, and here there are one or two points of emphasis that might be criticised. If "Political Debate and Thomas Hobbes" is worth a whole chapter, then Cambridge Platonism is worth more than a few lines. The historical importance of Overbury and the Character-literature is insufficiently stressed. There is not enough on Milton to indicate the range of his invention. Occasionally one finds a reckless statement: the general reader should not be left to think that *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is known for certain to be the joint work of Shakespeare and Fletcher. A slip in editorial

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policy occurs in the second volume where there are two separate descriptions of the Elizabethan theatre; this is particularly unfortunate as they openly contradict each other in their accounts of the platform stage. And it struck me as a pity that no room was found for a summary of the revolution in textual matters that has taken place in the last fifty years. A man need not be a specialist to show interest in the authority of his text of Shakespeare, and in any case the work done by Pollard, McKerrow and Sir Walter Greg ranks very high among the achievements of English scholarship in every field of learning.

JOHN JONES

Secret Agency

German Fifth Column. By L. DE JONG. *Routledge.* 28*s.*

The Soviet Secret Services. By OTTO HEILBRUNN. *Allen & Unwin,* 18*s.*

The Downfall of the German Secret Service. By KARL BARTZ. *William Kimber.* 18*s.*

War of Wits. By LADISLAS FARAGO. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

> "May I say a word?" asked a neat young staff officer.
>
> "Carry on, I.O."
>
> "Fifth columnists," said the Intelligence Officer, "will be your special concern. You know what they did on the Continent. They'll do the same here. Suspect everyone—the vicar, the village grocer, the farmer whose family have lived here a hundred years, all the most likely people. . . ."

And after all it appears there weren't any. No parachuting nuns, no flashing lights, no Nazi commissionaires outside the Odeon. Not only none to keep Mr. Evelyn Waugh's Halberdiers awake at night; but none to stab the Norwegians, the Dutch, the Belgians in the back. In a meticulously documented survey, Dr. de Jong, who is the head of the Netherlands State Institution of War Documentation, proves that the German military Fifth Column existed in our imaginations alone. Even Quisling had no active supporters worth mentioning: and knew nothing of the invasion of Norway until it occurred! This book has an interesting plan. The first part goes into all the detail of the Fifth Column stories as they appeared in the papers or were discussed in Parliament or by Mr. Summer Welles at the time. The second part painstakingly demolishes all of this. Dr. de Jong reminds us of the similar types of fear rumours in the '14 and other wars. Reminds us too as an example of these fears that the immediate fastening of guilt on to the Church ("In Belgium, priests were arrested as well, because, on principle, 'all clergymen were suspected of being parachutists in disguise'") had its firm roots in anti-clericalism. I remember myself spending two nights in 1940 waiting for flashing torches outside a convent near East Grinstead. "Take a Verey pistol, old boy," said the Adjutant. "They'll think it's the Last Trump."

The fascists in Poland, France, Britain, Holland were all in the bag within hours of the war starting in 1939. Is there any difference, should it be necessary to lock up the communists? Dr. Heilbrunn writes of the spy rings organised by the Russians during the war years; their use of partisans to gather intelligence. He feels that the Russians certainly are still using communists in our midst: searching out those targets most vulnerable to partisan attacks and sabotage.

All these four books have crossing paths. With Dr. Bartz we see the German intelligence system crumbling away; and he goes over a lot of the story of the attempted assassination of Hitler (so well told by Mr. Constantine Fitz Gibbon in *The Shirt of Nessus*). And with *War of Wits* we have the lot, the big spy and the little agents, the spy-catchers and the intelligence section: from the types like Sir Walter Bullivant (who sent Hannay after Greenmantle) to the weary Halberdiers. To anyone who wants to go in for the business I imagine this is as good a general round-up as any. Fancy yourself as "The Ideal Spy"?

> The secret agent must live by a special code, in which conventional morality is of necessity secondary to more immediate and less ethical motivations. Since elaborate deceit is the essence of espionage, it is often believed that if the spy is not an unprincipled scoundrel to begin with, his character inevitably disintegrates during his life as a spy.

Mr. Farago's long book is in fact subtitled *Secrets of Espionage and Intelligence.* Some of the stories, which range from the time of the Pharaoh Memptah to present-day chink-peering along the Iron Curtain, are quite good—but told in that odd tone of voice, with that unmasking attitude which seems inseparable from spy-stuff. "A stately blonde steps into a taxi in Vienna and is never seen again. The brief-case of a stranger . . ." and so on.

In all the various ways these books treat of the same subjects, Dr. de Jong on the Fifth Column is the most authoritative. Dr. Heilbrunn is good on the Russian use of partisans to collect intelligence; Dr. Bartz on the strange character and grim death of Admiral Wilhelm Canaris. Mr. Ian Colvin, in an introduction, points out how the British are "wary of strategic deception and therefore too cautious to profit" from such opportunities as those presented by the German opposition to Hitler. Mr. Fitz Gibbon made that point very forcibly.

Who are *our* spies? I wonder after reading all this. There was Admiral Sir Reginald Hall during the first war, a catcher of spies, of whom the American Ambassador wrote to Wilson: "Hall is the one genius that the war has developed." There were our agents like Peter Churchill or Yeo-Thomas in the last war. And there are cryptography and cryptanalysis about which we are apparently very good. But none is the equivalent of Rudolph Rossler, alias Lucy, "the Spy of the Century." Perhaps we are only at our best while a war is on and we recruit from the novelists (Sir Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Maugham, Mr. Leigh-Fermor). If I were a communist spy-catcher I should keep my eyes on the novelists. But of course the dossier must already exist in some triple-padlocked red room: the photographs certainly do. I hope there is someone on our side to snitch it before the fatal day the first page is turned and "A-Amis, Kingsley, etc." is photostatted and a courier with a knife is on his way to Portugal.

BERNARD GUTTERIDGE

The Empty Mind

The Open Heart. By EDWARD WEEKS. *Michael Joseph.* 15*s.*

"Open not thy heart to every man," says Ecclesiasticus, and despite his title Mr. Weeks fulfills the injunction. One can be born a Bostonian, and there are such queer fish as Nature's Bostonians, but one cannot become a Bostonian. That Mr. Weeks should have succeeded is a measure of Boston's decay. He has turned the once august *Atlantic Monthly* into a cagey cross between the *London Mercury* and *Woman's Own.* As an autobiography his book is negligible. These essays, at once exiguous and rambling, as of an insect under an inverted glass, have at the same time a curious fascination: Mr. Weeks has written an unconscious masterpiece of comedy. As one reads one imagines one is reading some parody of Frank Sullivan's. "Shall I ever forget those days at good old Princeton? Sure I will." Perhaps Mr. Weeks does not have very much to remember. These over-sweet platitudes, which might have come from the pen of a character out of some abandoned novel by Marquand, suggest rather that the writer is deliberately forgetful of anything unpleasant, or even interesting, that might upset the artificially even tenor of his public life.

Discretion envelops all. Not that he is not informative on unnecessary occasions: "A mongoose is an animal about the size of a little cat, but rather like a weasel in his head and his habits." This bit of inaccurate nature-chat comes from a ramble round Kipling, introduced for no particular purpose. A typical opening is from an "essay" on Mark Twain: "I never saw him." It is not much better when Mr. Weeks *has* seen him. He brackets Arthur Koestler with Howard Spring in a manner that could be called antic did it not move to the rhythm of a minuet. His critical judgments are equally odd, especially when he is being daring.

Mr. Weeks abroad is equally enthralling. Here he is in Oxford:

> Sunday I was introduced to All Souls by Isaiah Berlin, and there at supper met the younger dons and Maurice Bowra, the Vice-Chancellor. One other Cambridge man besides myself was present, Noel Annan, a Fellow of King's, and he and I did our best to hold the bridge against the banter and badinage which Oxford loves to heap upon the Light Blue.

Oh, those bull sessions in good old All Souls! In London he is "convulsed," listening to "the two country squires, Evelyn Waugh, the novelist, and Cyril Connolly, the critic, deploring their boredom away from London." London brings out the best in Mr. Weeks. He saunters down St. James's to buy a hat in Lock's; pores over salmon flies at "that beloved shop, Hardy's Fishing," sniffs his way through "that most fragrant and tasteful emporium Fortnum and Mason," and typically spoils it all by going not to Wilton's but to the Caprice—"the hardest of all to get into—be sure you telephone in advance."

The excuse for reviewing so trivial a book is that publishers and editors in America have become ludicrously self-important. Mr. Weeks writes of the late Maxwell Perkins on his knees. No doubt Scribners' owed a great deal to Perkins, but did Scribners's authors really owe so much? Of course not. One has only to remember the name of Edward Garnett to realise how absurd the situation has become. Garnett's marvellous perceptiveness was unaccompanied by this proprietary pomposity. Publishing is a necessary function; it is a trade, not a religion.

JOHN DAVENPORT

The Candid Priest

Sebastiano: The Adventures of an Italian Priest. By WILFRID BLUNT. *James Barrie. 25s.*

In April, 1664, a Bolognese priest thirty years of age, Fr. Sebastiano Locatelli, set out with two spirited young companions on a journey to Paris and back, reaching Bologna again in June, 1665; and throughout those eleven months of adventure, fun and peril he kept a diary, forcing himself, no matter what his preoccupations spiritual or carnal might be, to write in it every evening. The manuscript is enormously long and, never meant for the public eye, entirely, magnificently candid. By his own account Fr. Sebastiano was neither perfect priest nor perfect man: after God, he loved Woman: he was inordinately fond of good things to eat and drink, although reluctant to pay for them: sometimes he could be a bit of a cross-patch: and he was ignorant and superstitious. Yet perhaps we can look on him with indulgence if we remember that, as with so many boys of the time, his future was decided before he could possibly know if he had a vocation. "While I was still a child," he wrote, "they put a breviary in my hands." He had to do the best he could, and it was not such a bad best by the standards of the age; and it may be wondered how many poor mortals, if they wrote of themselves with Fr. Sebastiano's beautiful frankness, would come out of it very much better.

Mr. Blunt has taken passages from the diary, threading them into his own narrative and adding his own comments and observations to make a book as enjoyable as it is scholarly. From it there emerges a remarkably clear and lively picture of seventeenth-century France and Italy, of local custom and religious observance, of city, village and countryside, of people and, not least, of the joy and sorrow of travelling on horse or by boat into the unknown. We today, who wait in institutional surroundings for the aeroplane that shall carry us to the recommended hotel, are unlikely ever to know the felicity of arriving at dusk, stiff and sore from a day's ride, to find the inn unexpectedly good, the meals unusually succulent and the hostess handsomer and more welcoming than anyone could have dreamed possible. The torments inflicted on the reverend diarist by some of these fair inn-keepers, indeed, make anxious reading: how nearly, for example, did he allow the widow of Digoin, "who, as she bent forward, revealed treasures of more dazzling whiteness than the large pearls that she wore round her neck," to help him off with his clothes! Happily, virtue held fast. And sometimes, again, he would be unlucky, as at Nantua, where there was nothing to eat, the bedrooms were wretched and the beds hard and beastly: "I went to bed, but the onslaught of a whole army of large ants, fleas and lice made me beat a retreat and dress again hurriedly."

Fr. Sebastiano is not brilliant on the subjects of painting or architecture: his occasional purple patches are wicked; and he carefully avoids discussion with heretics for fear of getting the worst of it. Of his intellectual attainments he writes, irresistibly open as ever: "True, God gave me a good brain; but I never really worked: I was too fond of having a good time. All the same, anyone who has heard me talk, or read what I've written, has some opinion of me, although to myself I seem such an ass." Where he triumphs is in the happy little portraits of men and women, hit off in a few sparkling lines and revealing an affectionate understanding of his fellows that endears him. Mr. Blunt likens him to Cervantes and Sterne, Pepys and Boswell, and it is not too much: the sketch of the Piedmontese priest who charmed everyone with his singing and drollery so that he had to be forgiven for shirking his turn at the oars and pocketing forks and spoons, is delicious, and many others stick in the memory: poor Catharine, who attached herself to him with all the sincerity of the very devout and plain; the pretty wine-seller of Joigny who slept off a bout with her head on his knee and, to

'Plainly a masterpiece.'—ROBERT HENRIQUES

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Catharine's deep satisfaction, was sick over his robe; Odofredi, one of Sebastiano's young companions, who disgraced himself with an appalling blast on a certain trumpet, all merrily leap from the page alive and complete.

But Fr. Sebastiano can write a memorable descriptive passage as well. There is great tenderness in the account of an incident during a military review in Paris, when the little Dauphin, aged three, ordered a soldier to be beaten for having, as he wrongly supposed, shown him disrespect: of how the King and Queen lovingly and vainly expostulated with the precocious and implacable child; and of how at last he was bribed to forgive the man, with a stalk of candied lettuce.

The book is so crammed with good things that it is hard to know which to pick out; and over it all discreetly presides the erudite Mr. Blunt, adjusting a perspective here, rounding off a picture there, urbanely smiling at his reverend author when, as often happens, he asks for it. He is warmly to be congratulated on a learned work that is also a delightful entertainment; and the publisher deserves a word for the production and illustrations.

HONOR TRACY

New Novels

The Emigrants. By VILHELM MOBERG. *Reinhardt.* 15*s.*

The Room on the Roof. By RUSKIN BOND. *Deutsch.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

My Old Man's a Dustman. By WOLF MANKOWITZ. *Deutsch.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This list illustrates pleasantly the variety of creatures which hide under that one enormous hat labelled Novel. The first is really history. The second is a scrap of a strange life, so freshly and directly told that it reads like a piece of autobiography. The third is allegorical-tragical-socio-political-pastoral-Cockney.

I don't care; I like *The Room on the Roof* the best of the lot. It is the story of a half-caste boy, brought up as English in the declining community of elderly white people at Dehra Dun. (The younger ones have left soon after the Independence). It tells of his loneliness and shyness and how he finally runs away from his guardian and is cared for by various Indians, and finds a vague job as a tutor, of how he begins to grow up there, and then it all dissolves and he is left to look for something else. The charm of the book is partly that of the life itself, as it is described in other novels about India, that rich, amiable, impossible private life in which nobody ever seems to oppose anybody or do anything in particular. But Mr. Bond, while really belonging to it, sees it through the sharp and often satirical eyes of a Westerner, so that what Indian writers cannot make intelligible to us suddenly comes into focus. Here, for instance, is the hero's dipsomaniac prospective employer, suddenly asking him over a festive bonfire whether he knows who can have built Monte Carlo.

> Rusty said: "No, Mr. Kapoor, who built Monte Carlo?"
>
> "I did. I built Monte Carlo."
>
> "Oh, yes, of course."
>
> "Yes, I built this house, I'm a genius, there's no doubt of it! I have a high opinion of my own opinion; what is yours?"
>
> "Oh, I don't know, but I'm sure you are right."
>
> "Of course, I am. But speak up, don't be afraid to say what you think. Stand up for your rights, even if you're wrong. Throw some more wood on the fire; keep it burning."

Whereon he falls into it and has to be fished out, and the business that was to have been discussed that evening is put off till the morrow. (Not that it matters, of course.) I don't know whether I have ever read a description of an Indian drunk in an Indian novel, but if I have, it has taken too much for granted, it hasn't had that beautiful regard for detail that stands the man satisfying and four-square before one. Mr. Bond is a writer of great gifts and, what is much more important, he seems to be writing solely because his subject is important to him. If he can remain so spontaneous and yet so selective, he will be something very remarkable.

I have only hesitated about preferring him to Messrs. Mankowitz and Moberg because I suspect that it may be partly a matter of preferring a dew-drenched celandine to an orchid and a pine-tree respectively; as one knows, this is all right, only the orchid and the pine-tree's future novels are often more reliable. Mr. Mankowitz's story is an extraordinary affair about a watchman on a rubbish-dump who also takes care of a disused film-studio and has (besides a tape-worm) a friend called Arp after the writing on his jacket when he was picked up after an air-raid, stark dumb and with no memory but very keen on digging in the rubbish, which he is able to do because the watchman likes the dump kept tidy, and besides, he can make a living by selling the bottles and so forth to a sinister old clothes-man who knows more than he should about the memory, and all would have gone well had it not been for that Mr. Bates, the Council's inspector, and if you are not careful no sooner read two chapters of it than you, too, will be writing like Mr. Mankowitz, it is interesting but to my mind definitely over-orchestrated, with parts of everything, from the one-stringed fiddle to the wind machine. Plenty goes on, much of it very exciting and all packed with hidden meanings, only sometimes the Cockney characterisation does seem forced and one wonders whether a lot of this is just more for the spooks at Ealing Studios, or is it those spooks themselves that have got one into the habit of seeing it that way? Anyway, it is a very entertaining book, and should give anybody food for thought.

The Emigrants is a longish novel, the first of a trilogy, by a well-known Swedish novelist, about a group of Swedish peasants emigrating to America in 1850. It belongs to the sober, professional class of historical novels which has been developing since the war. The author sets out the causes of emigration, not by a sweeping Tolstoyan survey of Europe, but by a detailed account of the conditions which drive out one small group of families. The cumbrous inheritance system, loading debts on farms already too small to support a family; the laws forbidding servants to leave their place or laymen to interpret the Bible, and behind all the dead weight of the Lutheran Church thrown against eccentricity or change, these things are simply illustrated by sufficient examples without comment. For instance (the author is reporting the fate of some peasants who tried to return to primitive Christianity towards the end of the eighteenth century):

> The eight sectarians who had fallen under the Crown Court's order were turned over to the sheriff. In 1786 they were taken to Danvik's asylum in Stockholm. Ake Sveson, Andreas Mansson, and two others died within two years, after having received "the attention their condition warranted". Ake was at the time of his death thirty-five years of age.

The hardships of the voyage are described with the same quiet but telling objectivity. This method certainly succeeds in building up a most convincing picture of the state of the country, and in rousing one's sympathy for the emigrants. It is, I think, less well adapted for analysing them as individuals, a process which anyway need not be carried far in such a story. The broad outlines of their characters are well sketched in in this same firm detached manner; no more is necessary in a book with so much external incident. The author, however, has so far yielded to fashion as to write them a lot of internal monologues as well, for which his pen is much too stiff. These fall flat, and pad out the book. But it remains a fine novel, noble in conception and packed with interesting details.

MARY SCRUTTON

A Band of Angels, by Robert Penn Warren, reviewed in last week's issue, will be published on May 31.

Gramophone Records

When the dust of time has settled on our stormy age Stravinsky may well be seen to bestride it musically as Wagner did the half-century before 1914 and Beethoven the fifty years before that. What better place, then, to start on some recent recordings of contemporary music.

Ernest Ansermet has been a friend of Stravinsky since he took refuge in Switzerland during the first world war and, generally speaking, there is no more authoritative interpreter of his music. I listened to his performance of *Oedipus Rex* with great pleasure, for it is beautifully played by the Suisse Romande Orchestra, Haefliger is a striking Oedipus, there is some magisterial singing from a bass-baritone called James Loomis and the Decca recording is of the highest quality. Yet somehow the work seemed less powerful than I remembered it. In curiosity I turned to the old Philips recording of a performance conducted in Germany by the composer himself. As a recording it is totally inferior to the Decca issue, but as a performance it seems to me overwhelmingly superior, for it reveals all the pungency, rhythmic attack and cold violence of the great score. This is to my mind a clear case for putting performance before recording.

With *The Rite of Spring* it is just the other way round. In the face of a series of recordings, one more technically splendid than another, I have up to now resolutely stuck to the rather elderly Decca disc, on which Ansermet concentrates on the poetic rather than on the atavistic aspect of the score. But the new DGG recording of a performance by the Berlin RIAS Orchestra under Fricsay is technically so splendid and his reading of the score is so prodigiously exciting, that I must abandon my preference for Ansermet. Yet I do so reluctantly for, in spite of the fact that I have never heard brass and percussion so wonderfully reproduced as in this DGG disc, Fricsay's reading still seems to me to lack the poetry, grace and sheer musicality of Ansermet's.

Philips have produced on a single record ***Pulcinella,*** complete and with vocal parts. It was this score that ushered in a vogue for "neo-classicism," but none of Stravinsky's countless imitators has ever been able to pinch from the eighteenth century with his skill and assurance, or to make what they have taken so entirely their own. Stravinsky is a much better conductor of his own music than is generally admitted, and on this record he draws beautifully crisp, alert and rhythmically lively playing from the Cleveland Orchestra. The score emerges with a freshness that makes its cool wit and gaiety quite intoxicating. The recording is hard but amenable to manipulation of all those cuts and filters and, were it not for some mediocre singing, I would be tempted to describe this as the most enjoyable record I have heard in the past weeks.

Belatedly, a performance of Dallapiccola's *Canti di Prigionia* by the Rome St. Cecilia Orchestra and Choir conducted by Igor Markevich, has been issued by Columbia under the auspices of Unesco. These settings of three poems by prisoners are for choir and an orchestra made up of pianos, harps, gongs, bells, vibraphones, etc. The listener may at first feel at sea in this weird world of sound, but when the ear has once become accustomed to a strange idiom there can, I think, be little dispute that this is profoundly searching music of sustained power. I had some difficulty with the recording, but the performance is most eloquent and persuasive. My enthusiasm for the disc is, however, damped by the fact that it also contains some polite, neo-Ravelian songs by Maurice Delage and a vigorous but unremarkable quartet by a Brazilian composer called Guarnieri. Why Unesco should record these is beyond my understanding, but the "fairness" enjoined on official organisations too often works out as fair shares for all—good and bad alike.

The British Council is also in the record market, subsidising English music that might otherwise escape the attentions of the recording companies. An example of these valuable activities is an HMV disc that contains both Tippett's Second Quartet in F sharp and Matyas Seiber's Quartetto Lirico, played by the Amadeus Quartet, who give a silky and lucid performance of the Seiber. This is an exceedingly accomplished work which contrives to throw a span between Bartok and Schoenberg, but it somehow fails to match distinction of thought with any very personal idiom. The Tippett quartet, on the other hand, is highly personal in its association of the influences of madrigal rhythms and late Beethoven. The Amadeus Quartet, however, gives a disastrously sweet, smooth and swooning performance of a work that is rhythmically and melodically angular. This work is really not a suitable field for the exercise of Viennese charm, which here attenuates the music and deprives it of its vitality. What is wanted is a recording by the Juilliard Quartet.

Nothing illustrates in a more striking manner the development of English song from the generation of Vaughan Williams and Butterworth to that of Tippett and Britten than Britten's settings of Hardy's "Winter Words." These songs, now available on Decca, are not, I feel, all of equal quality. But they show a remarkable fluency in the handling of words and in the transmutation of some basic idea (as, for instance, in the recurrent rhythmic phrase in "Midnight on the Great Western"). And "Before Life and After" is a profoundly felt song that is permeated with Britten's sense of the marvel of life, his deep pity for its pains and by his nostalgia for a world of simple goodness—"a time . . . when all went well." Needless to say, Pears is an admirable interpreter, but Britten's accompaniment is also outstandingly well done. On the reverse side there is a fresh recording of the earlier Michelangelo Sonnets. Britten's skill in giving these settings an Italian quality is uncanny, and the music is certainly full of sensuous ease and grace. But there are also, it seems to me, occasions when they come dangerously near to sounding a little mannered. Apart from a tendency for the voice to become uncomfortably loud in passages, the recording is good.

New recordings of three works by Shostakovich provide an interesting commentary on his career. HMV have issued the Concerto for Piano, Trumpet and Strings performed by Cherkassy, Harold Jackson and the Philharmonia conducted by Herbert Menges. Together they provide a performance that just fails to achieve the degree of slick precision that the work's jaunty, satirical mood calls for. It was music in this sophisticated tongue-in-the-cheek manner that finally got Shostakovich into trouble with the Party, who took the view, evidently shared by the writer of the sleeve note on his first quartet, that "the direction he was taking was unhealthy." The result of "criticism," and of what are doubtlessly healthier paths, is this sad, inoffensive, vapid little Quartet No. 1, op. 49, which is now available on Columbia performed exceedingly well by the Armenian State String Quartet. On the reverse side is a splendidly warm and lively performance by the same ensemble of Borodin's Second Quartet, in which a torrent of lovely ideas quite makes up for the composer's inability to put them to consequential use.

Mercifully Shostakovich's genius reasserted itself magnificently in his first major work published after the death of Stalin: his Tenth Symphony, of which HMV have now recorded a performance by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Efrem Kurtz. As a recording it is absolutely first rate apart from a little hardness in the upper frequencies, and the Philharmonia play brilliantly, with the woodwind sounding outstandingly good. Kurtz emphasises all the brooding, Tchaikovskian quality in the music, but he shows much less drive than Mitropoulos in the Philips recording. An occasional rhythmic flaccidity prevents the splendid first movement from emerging in its full power, and throughout the English brass has not the virtuoso bite and precision of the Americans under Mitropoulos.

VOX

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In direct competition with the series of Bartok quartets performed by the Juilliard Quartet and issued by Philips, Columbia have started a series done by the Vegh Quartet. The initial record of this set contains the first and second quartets and has the advantage of a markedly superior recording. Furthermore, whereas the Juilliard has an approach that is cosmopolitan, the Vegh is an Hungarian ensemble that stresses (with profit) what is specifically Hungarian in Bartok's music. I found their reading of the First Quartet splendidly fierce and impassioned, so that the work sounds bigger than it does in the smoother hands of the American ensemble. In the Second Quartet the choice is less easy, for although the Vegh again show a livelier and more idiomatic rhythmic sense, the Juilliard performance, if smooth, is by no means glib. I felt, indeed, that in the veiled brooding finale the Americans had a greater sense of harmonic intensity and movement.

DGG have issued a performance of Hindemith's *Die Harmonie der Welt* on a record that, although good, falls just below their own high standards. This is an imposing score and certainly one of Hindemith's most abiding creations. But I must confess that I thought less of it than I did when it was performed in London a year ago. Somehow one is always more conscious of one's respect and admiration for the music than of one's enjoyment in it. Hindemith gets a decent performance from the Berlin Philharmonic, although the woodwind is on occasions faulty and badly balanced. Brief mention should, I think, be made of a cheap green label Philips disc that offers, as well as Hindemith's second Piano Sonata and Scriabin's Fourth in F sharp minor, both the Berg and Bartok sonatas. The pianist is Zadel Skolovsky, who is noticeably more at home in Bartok than in Berg. But the disc is good value for those who are not hypercritical.

Honegger's stock has slumped of late, but his *Symphonie Liturgique*, written in 1946, remains an impressive work, for the composer was a master of his craft and able to sustain a large symphonic movement. Yet finally it seems, like so much Swiss culture, curiously impersonal. Still, as I say, it is a good piece and a competent performance by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Robert Denzler, on a Decca disc that is spacious but hard on top, is worth consideration. It is accompanied by *Chant de Joie*, which shows Honegger in an unbuttoned man-of-the-people mood. Decca have also issued on a ten-inch disc a recording by Schneiderhan and the Suisse Romande Orchestra under Ansermet of Martin's tepid and over-rated little Violin Concerto. I can find little creative compulsion in this cool eclectic piece, and I hate, for all the technical proficiency it shows, its obtrusive good taste. Recording and performance are on a high standard.

PETER HEYWORTH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,369

Set by Tom Bowling

Chambers's Dictionary gives:

> Burke, v.t. to murder, esp. by stifling: hence (fig) to put an end to quietly. (From *Burke*, an Edinburgh Irishman (hanged 1829), who committed the crime in order to sell the bodies of his victims for dissection.)

Competitors are invited to invent and define four personal verbs of somewhat more topical connotation. Entries by June 5.

Result of No. 1,366

Set by Queequeg

Tiring of the Davy Crockett myth, we seek a folk-hero of our own. The usual prizes are offered for a ballad, in the style of *Davy Crockett*, on one of the following: Perkin Warbeck; Sir Francis Drake; Captain Bligh; James Boswell; Orton, the Tichborne Claimant; or Dr. Jameson. Not more than four verses and a refrain.

Report

The point was too often missed: a ballad in the *style* of *Davy Crockett*, not *Admiral Benbow*, Kipling, Newbolt or Chesterton. Even two of the prizewinners have not followed the model exactly. Many other entrants took the words "folk-hero" too literally. They simply wrote eulogies of their subjects, all of whom had been selected because in real life, like the original Davy Crockett, they weren't entirely models of probity or public respect. The line I liked best in the whole entry was "Boswell's *Life* is biggest, Boswell's *Life* is best," which has the authentic ring. And I also liked Aurea Rolfe's idea of Boswell laying down Johnson's life for his country. J. R. Till began well with Arthur Orton:

> Son of a butcher in an East End street,
> Tough as any thicket on his old man's meat,
> He longed to be classy, a gentleman complete
> With a swell surname and a country seat.

But his entry petered out facetiously. James Macindre also scored a near miss with Orton. The Drakes and Jamesons were a complete flop. The prizes are divided equally between the three entries printed below.

JAMIE BOSWELL

Born up in Edinburgh, a Scotchman he,
Raised by his father a lawyer to be,
To London he went for a whole year's spree,
Met Dr. Johnson when he was twenty-three.
  Jamie, Jamie Boswell, he *was* good company

Caught some lions and that famous Bear,
Reynolds, Rousseau and then Voltaire,
Chased all the gals and was seen everywhere
While his father in Scotland was tearing his hair.
  Jamie, Jamie Boswell, for Wilkes and Liberty!

He went to the Netherlands and told a Belle,
Germany, Switzerland, Italy as well.
Then with the Corsicans he stayed a spell,
Came home with tales of those heroes to tell.
  Jamie, Jamie Boswell, the friend of Paoli.

There's much about him they may deplore
But he wrote a big book of Johnsonian lore.
When he had finished this lifetime's chore
He'd made them both a legend for evermore.
  Jamie, Jamie Boswell, King of Biography.

NANCY-MARY GOODALL

PERKIN WARBECK

Perkin was a commoner of small renown,
He walked through Cork in a silken gown.
They thought he was a gentleman so fine was he;
And packed him off to Margaret across the sea

  Perkin, Perkin Warbeck,
  King of the White Rose-tree.

Now Margaret was leader of the Yorkist set.
She said: "He is a prince, but I quite forget
Whether son of Clarence or of Richard Three."
So all the kings of Europe invited him to tea.

Perkin grew a-weary of amusing the elite;
He raised a band of followers and fitted out a fleet.
He landed on the Kentish coast but met with no success.
The peasants of that county couldn't have cared less.

He tried again in Cornwall, and landed near Land's End.
The Cornishmen all hailed him as the People's Friend,
He left them in a hurry, when the royal troops they met,
Which shocking lapse of manners lost him favour in Debrett.

EILEEN M. HAGGITT

BREADFRUIT WILLIE

Willie Bligh as a sailor of "bull" he was renowned,
For the sake of some breadfruit he was darn nearly drowned,
Off the coast of the Friendly Isles, his merry lads played hell,
And over went the breadfruit, and old Willie Bligh as well.

  Oh! Breadfruit! Breadfruit Willie!
  Bull-ridden Buccaneer.

With eighteen of his blacklegs, cast in an open boat,
Willie crossed the stormy sea with malice in his throat,
He landed on a palmy isle four thousand miles away,
And instead of going "hula," he stopped his sailors' pay.

For this he got promotion, and the mutineers the rope,
He planted all his breadfruit, and the sailor boys lost hope,
Till fighting under Nelson, he downed some enemy sails,
And so was made the Governor of New South Wales.

But Major Georgie Johnston of the One O Second Foot,
Tiring of old Willie's "bull," locked him in a hut,
Willie came back home again, and saw a sailor pal,
And thus in favour, Willie died—a blooming Admiral

  Breadfruit! Breadfruit Willie!
  Goad of the mutineers.

TOM HAGGITT

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City Lights

Red in Tooth

Mr. Clore is on the warpath again. His Sears group, whose history is reflected in its ragbag of shoe, ship and textile machinery interests, is after the Scottish Motor Traction company, which is interested mainly in garages. But there is cash as well as garages in SMT. Until a couple of years ago it had two subsidiaries, one operating the garages, the other running two companies which financed motor hire-purchase. The HP companies were sold to a Scottish bank (the only bank to have taken an open and direct interest in HP), the profit on the deal was distributed to shareholders as cash, while the main part of the purchase price was kept in the company, to be used for acquiring other businesses as the opportunity arose. So far, however, only one small business has been acquired; the rest of the money has been kept invested in short-term loans. At present, therefore, the SMT business looks something like this. There is property valued in the balance-sheet at £600,000 but probably worth about double that amount. There is the Alexander Findlay business (constructional engineers) for which £650,000 was paid last year. And there is something like £1¼m in cash.

Mr. Clore thinks he can put the cash to profitable use. And since cash as cash has earned very little profit, the SMT shareholder is open to temptation. His last dividend was 10 per cent. Mr. Clore is offering him an exchange into Sears "A" shares with a minimum prospective dividend of 20 per cent. Already, since rumours of a bid became current, SMT shares have risen from 7s. 6d. or so to about 13s. 6d., within cautious touching distance of Sears' 14s. 6d.

So far it might seem that Mr. Clore and SMT shareholders should be able to come to some mutually satisfactory arrangement. But the way of a board with a bid is often peculiar. Mr. Clore's first aproach was a private one to the board of SMT. With one exception, the directors decided that the offer should be turned down out of hand; had it not been for Mr. Clore's decision to appeal direct to shareholders, they might never have known anything at all of his offer to double the value of their shares. The one exception was the chairman, who felt that the offer was a reasonable one and that shareholders should be given the opportunity of considering it on its merits. The other directors promptly replaced him.

The position is now an interesting one. The board is out to fight, is advising shareholders not to accept the offer, and has called in outside advice on the best defensive tactics to adopt. These tactics necessarily involve some step which will bring the price of the shares up to at least the level which Mr. Clore's offer would justify—a step, by the way, which must admit implicitly that, until pushed by circumstances, the directors were prepared to run the company in a way which made the shares worth only half their potential value. There seem to be two possible lines of approach. One is to drop the plan of acquiring new businesses and return the company's surplus cash to the shareholders; the only snag here, apart from the blow to directorial *amour-propre* involved, is that such a distribution might attract distributed profits tax. The alternative is to give a firm forecast of future dividends good enough to take the shares above 15s. This, too, may involve snags.

For the last 10 per cent dividend was less than twice covered by distributable profits; although profits of the garage subsidiary are running at a better level than they were last year, and although there will be six months or so of profit from the new acquisition available for distribution, the directors may be hard put to it to achieve the immediate doubling of dividends offered by Mr. Clore. The dash of Scottish sentiment thrown in will have little influence in Glasgow. Whatever happens, shareholders will have benefited considerably, while Mr. Clore will have performed a virtuous capitalist service in getting idle assets put to productive and profitable use.

Wall Street is still very jittery and still causing spasms of reflected nervousness in the London stock markets. In spite of the report that capital expenditure in the US is likely to be even higher this year than was expected, the persistent troubles of the motor industry, and the signs of growing inventories of consumer goods are making people anxious about the prospect of another rolling re-adjustment in the autumn—a prospect which makes the present prices of many Industrial shares on Wall Street seem unseasonably high. Here, too, the troubles of the motor industry show no sign of easing, and the reports of short-time working are now making themselves obvious in the production figures. Production last month was 13 per cent lower than in April, 1955, exports were down by 24 per cent. Stiffer competition abroad, and the price-cutting it has induced, is reflected in the worsening of the terms-of-trade during April.

American money rates have shown slight, very slight, signs of easing since last month's row over the increase in the rediscount rate, which caused businessmen to make angry accusations that the Federal Reserve's policy was turning a pause into a recession, and elicited sympathetic pre-election murmurs from the President and the Secretary of the Treasury. In Germany, in spite of industrial protests, the bank rate has gone up again, this time to the UK level.

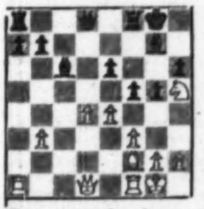
The Ministers of Finance and Economics seem to have been in unusual agreement with the Bank on the need for this unexpectedly sharp increase. They are believed, it is true, to have in mind a collection of more delicate disinflationary measures—a cut in depreciation allowances, liberalisation of dollar imports, a sharp cut in tariffs and the confining of tax concessions to the lower income groups. But most of these proposals are bound to come up against stiff opposition. The chairman of the German F.B.I. has already protested violently against any attempt to suffocate the boom, attacked in advance the proposals the two ministers are supposed to be considering and put forward a counter-demand for more tax incentives and more long-term credit for exports. It was probably just because this sort of opposition was foreseen that the bank rate was raised so sharply. Besides, politicians always tend to see the bank rate as a possible substitute for more politically embarrassing measures.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 341. Strategic Combination

There are combinations which can dispense with any epithet since they serve immediately and directly to mate the opponent's King; there are others—and we may well call them tactical combinations—which serve that ultimate end more indirectly, their immediate object being the gain of material or the promotion of a Pawn. But rather more subtle if less glamorous (and certainly less frequent) are "strategic combinations," such as the one arising from this position (Fuderer-Unzicker, Göteborg 1955): a combination aiming at no more (and no less) than the achievement of a pawn-structure that will ensure a winning endgame. True enough, the combination involves no greater material risk than a P (and a bogus sacrifice too, since Black can never dare to recapture the P on f5). Even so, P-Q5 meant no less definite a commitment than any spectacular Q-sacrifice, and before making the move Fuderer had to look at least 13 moves ahead. Let's see.

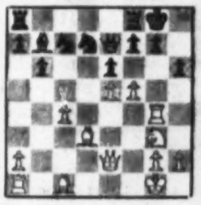


(21) P-Q5!	P x QP	(28) K-Kt2	QR-B1
(22) Kt x B	K x Kt	(29) R x R ch	R x R
(23) B-Q4 ch	K-Kt1	(30) R-K1	R x R
(24) P x BP	Q-Q2	(31) Q x R	K-B2
(25) P-KKt4!	P-R3	(32) Q-K5	Q x Q
(26) Q-Q2	Q-Q3	(33) B x Q	P-QR4!
(27) KR-K1	KR-K1		

But for Black's last move his fragile Q-wing majority would have been immobilised by White's P-Kt4 and B-Q4. At first glance, what with Bishops of opposite colour and level Pawns, one might think that Black has nothing to worry about; yet, he is hopelessly lost, for such is the P-structure achieved by White that nothing can stop him from getting (and pushing) two united passed Pawns.

(34) K-Kt3	P-Kt4	(37) P-R4	P x P ch
(35) P-B4	P-Kt5	(38) K x P	B-Q2
(36) P x P	P x P	(39) K-Kt3	resigns

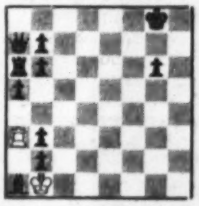
Resignation may look premature, but it isn't. The sequel (according to Euwe's excellent analysis in *Schach-Echo*) might have been (39)...P-R5, (40) P x P, B x P, (41) P-Kt5, B-Q2, (42) K-B4, P-Kt6, (43) P-Kt6 ch, K-Kt1, (44) P-B6, B-K3, (45) B-Q4, followed by K-K5 etc. If (44)...B-K1 White simply plays K-Kt5, waiting for Black to throw his Pawns to that old devil *zugzwang* and then to move his B and thereby to leave the door wide open for those White Pawns.



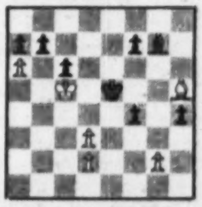
A: Max Euwe 1928

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White played R x P ch. Why did Black resign at once? B—White to draw—is not too difficult a 6-pointer, in spite of one or two pitfalls. C (for 7 points) is a win for White and quite a beauty.

Usual prizes. Entries by June 4.



B: M. Marysko 1955



C: A. Herbstmann 1927

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 338. Set May 5

A: (1) . . . Q x RP. (2) Kt-B6 ch! etc.
B: (1) P-B7, B-B3 ch. (2) P-Kt7!, B x P ch. (3) K-Kt8, K-Kt3. (4) P-Kt5 etc.
C: (1) B-Kt4, R-Kt6. (2) R-Q4, P-K4. (3) B-B2, R-Kt7. (4) R-QB4, P-Q4. (5) B-R3, R-R7. (6) R-B3, P-Q5. (7) B-Kt1, R-R8. (8) R-QKt3 etc.
if (7) . . . R-KKt7 ch. (8) K-B3, R-Kt8. (9) R-B1 etc.

An easy lot and many correct solutions. Prizes shared by Gerald Abrahams, A. J. Bamford, W. M. Hancock, M. Kaye, J. M. Reid, G. Roblin.

ASSIAC

Company Meeting

UNITED MOLASSES

The 30th annual general meeting of The United Molasses Co., Ltd., will be held on June 12 in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement by Mr. G. W. Scott, C.B.E., chairman and managing director, for 1955:—

Last year I forecast that the group profits for 1955 would be satisfactory but possibly at a slightly lower level than those for 1954, and it is, therefore, with pleasure that I have to advise you that the gross profits of the group for 1955 at £5,170,654 have considerably exceeded such forecast, due largely to general improvement in the Tanker and General Cargo freight markets, resulting in higher earnings of your company's fleets.

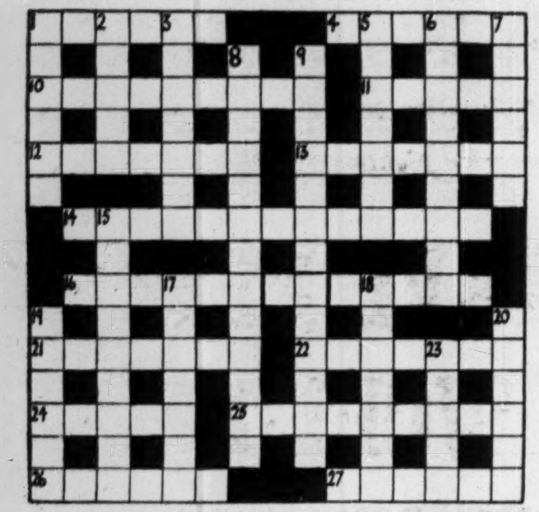
The Consolidated Balance-sheet reveals the great strength of the company and indicates that the company has ample funds to meet its substantial capital commitments and at the same time provide capital for future reasonable developments without having to resort to the issuance of fresh capital or obtaining loans on the money market.

Molasses prices during 1955 remained stable and at a reasonable level and these conditions encouraged a further increase in consumption.

Whilst it is difficult and dangerous to attempt to forecast the trend of affairs in the future, nevertheless, your company has started off well during the current year and present indications are that the profits for 1956, barring any unforeseen recession or catastrophe, should not be less than those for 1955.

Week-end Crossword No. 200

Prizes : Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 200, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on June 5.



ACROSS

1. Concerning relief for whole countries (6).

4. Glues pieces of wood (6).

10. Footwear—but not for tennis (9).

11. Place for two friends, one of whom has been beheaded (5).

12. The tool to produce a dull surface on a river (7).

13. “ Virtue is bold, and goodness never —— ” (*Measure for Measure*) (7).

14. Samples of opinion expressed in angry divisions (13).

16. The form of oarsmen for a performance on ice? (6, 2, 5).

21. Trade unionist who puts the rule before the king (7).

22. Vessel with silent broken end (7).

24. One who marries and has children (5).

25. “ He's an Anglo-Saxon Messenger—and those are Anglo-Saxon—— ” (Carroll) (9).

26. Bob tried breaking step (6).

27. Flag which makes something stop? (6).

DOWN

1. Contend with me for part of a plant (6).

2. Grown up in 1955? (5).

3. Have a word with the members in memorable phrases (7).

5. Instrument which makes a tiny fellow almost go crazy with fear (7).

6. Poke fun a little bit and give the bird (9).

7. Wastes slips of paper (6).

8. Playwright's follower flourishes a pen with a song in it (13).

9. Ideal class in an interval between sounds (7, 6).

15. Precipitation in a winter made unrecognisable under the sun (9).

17. Introduced a girl in second hand (7).

18. Potentially irate in idleness (7).

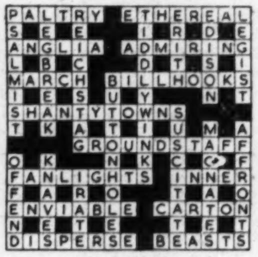
19. Murderer of sleep (6).

20. Caught the defeated at shorter range (6).

23. Litter town (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 193



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 198

Miss L. Bryson (Guildford), C. Gluckman (Jerusalem), R. S. Viney (London, S.W.17).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of Aberdeen. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in Music. Salary on Scale £550 per annum to £650 per annum, with initial placing according to qualifications. Superannuation (F.S.S.U.) and children's allowance. Part of removal expenses refunded. Applications (two copies) should be lodged not later than June 4, 1956, with the Secretary, The University, Aberdeen, from whom conditions of appointment and forms of applicn. obtainable.

SCIENCE Graduate (male) to teach science and mathematics in the Upper School of a co-educational independent day school, which is rapidly expanding. Teacher (arts graduate preferred) for Junior School (12 year olds). Two Teachers for infants (6 years and 5 years). Teacher for 9 year olds. These appointments commence September, 1956. Outward ocean fare will be paid. Applicants should write airmail to The Principal, St. George's School, 3090 Westmount Blvd., Montreal, Canada.

RESEARCH Assistant required in the Animal Psychology Laboratory of the Institute of Psychiatry (University of London) for a special investigation; the appointment will be for one year in the first instance. The Laboratory is located at the Bethlem Royal Hospital, Beckenham, Kent. Applicants should have an Honours degree in Psychology, and an interest in animal experimentation. Research experience is not deemed essential. Salary £600 per annum. Application forms, to be returned within seven days, from Secretary, Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5. (RF.52.)

THE University of Manchester. Ashburne Hall of Residence. Applications are invited for the post of Vice-Warden of this Hall which accommodates about 210 women students. The Vice-Warden will also act as Tutor to one wing (70 students). The duties of Hall Librarian may also be attached to the appointment. Duties to commence in late September, 1956. Stipend not less than £450 per annum according to qualifications and experience, together with board and residence. Applications must be submitted not later than June 11, 1956, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

ENTHUSIASTIC experienced Maths teacher wanted in Recognised Co-educational school (Burnham Scale, Superannuation). Other subjects welcome. Scope for initiative and new methods. Box 4401.

DRAMA/Basic Movement Specialist required for September to assist residential courses for adolescent girls and experimental Drama in Clubs Interest in new educational techniques and social problems essential; state subsidiary interests and experience of youth work. Post offers opportunity for initiative, experiment and enquiry. Salary £475-£550 according to experience. Forms and further particulars from: Employment Officer, National Association of Mixed Clubs & Girls' Clubs, 30-32 Devonshire St., W.1.

EXPERIENCED, enthusiastic Junior Teacher (pref. Froebel) wanted September in co-educational London school. Scope for initiative under pleas. working conditions. Burnham Scale, Superann. Box 4442.

ADULT Educ. Centre seeks member of house-team with interests which include gardening. Write Sec., Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY required for French Dept., University College London (Gower St., W.C.1), woman graduate, French with Italian. Secretarial experience and good speeds shorthand-typing essential. Interesting post; good holidays. Salary range £400-£595 p.a. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

CLERK/Typist, good at figures, for Trade Union Benefit Scheme. Box 4637.

PART-time secretary, afternoons. Theatrical office, Knightsbridge area. Box 4803.

RADIO & Electrical retail business of good standing; London; requires (a) TV service engineer; (b) Electrician; (c) Trainee for radio or electrical work; able to drive. Good prospects for capable men. State age, details of career. Box 4812.

SUMMERHILL, at ½ term part-time cook; in Sept. English/History teacher. No testimonials. And thanks to previous applicants (collectively cos no secy., plus large mail). A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk.

WANTED, Cook/warden for private male hostel for foreign agricultural workers. Single man or married couple may apply. Applicants must have experience with initiative and humanitarian interest. State salary required and send full details: Secretary, S.L.H., 19 Offenham Rd., Evesham.

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APPOINTMENTS WANTED

VERSATILE young man, ex I.T.V., sks. job anywhere, now. Nowell, MOU. 4327.

EXPERIENCED secretary seeks interesting work Hampstead area. Temp. or part-time considered. Excellent refs. Box 4692.

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PERSONAL—continued

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ENTERTAINMENTS

TH. Royal, E.15. MAR. 5975. "The Quare Fellow." Tu.-Fri. 7.45. Sat. 5.30 & 8.30.

UNITY: EUS. 5391. Last week-end of "Widowers' Houses." Sat. & Sun., 7.15 p.m. Next Fri. "Polly," sequel to Beggars Opera. Book now! Mems. only. 2s. 6d. p.a.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. M.), Sat., Sun. 5 & 8, "Angna Enters." Ntly. Tu.-Sun., 10.30 "Late Interlude." Mems.

WYNYARD Browne's "Dark Summer" May 29 to June 3 inc. for 6 days. 7.30 ntly. Irving Theatre, WHI. 8657.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Indefinitely: Jean Gabin & Arletty in Carné's Le Jour Se Lève (A). Thursday's Children (U).

ROXY Rep. Cinema. BAY. 2345. May 27, Alec Guinness, "Father Brown" (U.).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, S. Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., May 26. Edith Evans, Anton Walbrook in Queen of Spades (A). Dir. Thorold Dickinson. 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to pub.

CHINESE Films Première: "Two without Scarves" delightful feature film, "Chinese Crackers" (acrobatics) and "China Today" (News Reel). Islington Town Hall, Wed., May 30, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., from Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

TWO Acres of Land—India. Ilford New Era Film Soc. (SEV. 1003) Little Theatre, High Rd., Ilford, Sun. May 27, 7.30.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, Saturday, May 26, 8-11 p.m. Dancing to Norman Jackson's Noveltones. Members 3s. and their guests 5s. Membership invited.

CONCERTS

WIGMORE Hall. In the Gracious Presence of H.R.H. The Princess Alice Countess of Athlone. Thurs., May 31, at 7.30. Malcolm Troup, leading Canadian Pianist. Works by Carl Czerny, Brahms, Benjamin Britten, Villa-Lobos, Ravel, Liszt. Tickets 9s., 6s., 3s., Hall (WEL. 2141) & Ibbs & Tillett (WEL. 8418).

MONTEVERDI "Vespers," St. James's, Piccadilly. May 30 at 8. London Bach Group, John Minchinton, P. Pears, G. English, R. Standen. Progs. 5s. Chappells.

PETER Pears, tenor, Julian Bream, lute and guitar: Mayflower Barn, Jordans. Sat. June 2 at 8. Tickets 6s. H. Nicholson, Tramor, Jordans, Bucks.

DORTMUND Mozart Choir: Mon., May 28, 7.30 p.m. Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Y.M.C.A. Indian Students Union, 41 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. Prog. incs. Mozart, Knab, Steffens, also folk songs. Tickets 2s. 6d. at door or from German Welfare Council, 25 Villiers St., W.C.2.

MAURICE Greene: Oratorio Deborah & Barak, Telemann: Cantata. Pamela Bowden, Ilse Wolf, Gerald English, Norman Platt, Cantata Choir, Orchestra, cond. W. Bergmann. Sat. June 2, at 7.30. Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Tickets 3s. from secretary or at the door.

MUSICAL evening. Dvorak's opera "Russalka" on gramophone records introduced by Malcolm Rayment at B.C.F.L., 20 Pont Street, 7.30 p.m. on Saturday May 26.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Turnstile Print Renoir's "Place Clichy" published today 50s. plus tax 14s. 3d. from all good printsellers, or from 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. New York & other paintings. Fred Uhlman. May 8-June 2.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies Street, W.1. Tibetan & Nepalese Art. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. From May 17, The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Recent Potraits and other Sculptures by Louise Hutchinson. New Paintings by Denis Wirth-Miller.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Renoir—50 paintings from European Collections. In aid of the Renoir Foundation. Closes June 23. Adm. 3s. Students 1s. 6d. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

NICOLAS de Staël 1914-55: a memorial exhibition. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Wk. days 11-6; Suns. 2-6; closed Mons. Adjoins Aldgate E. Stn. Last day June 6.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. XIX- & XX-Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

SLATTER, 30 Old Bond St. Exhbn. Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Sculpture and Paintings by Marino Marini. Until June 16.

FINSBURY Art Group. Spring Exhibition of loaned pictures by Sutherland, Nash, Nicholson, Piper, Hitchens, Weight & others. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St., E.C.1. (Nr. Finsbury Town Hall.) May 22-June2. 10-8 daily. Sats. 10-5. Closed Sunday.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

SOME 20th Century Spanish Paintings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till June 9. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6, Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6. 2s. 6d.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke Street, St. James's, S.W.1. Paintings by Alan Lowndes. Until June 5.

GIORGIO de Giorgi Sculpture at Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond Street. Hours 10 to 5, Saturdays 10 to 1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Italian Realist Painters of "La Colonna," 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until May 31.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Rodin Bronzes against a Background of French Drawings.

KENSINGTON Artists Exhib. at Leighton Hse., Holland Park Rd., W.14, until June 2. Week. 11-7. Sats. 11-5. Adm. free.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, Soho, W.1. New sculpture by Peter King.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhib. Adm. Free. Wkdays. 10-7, Suns. 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Jawlensky (1864-1941) 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes June 2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Tues., May 29, 8.15. Nicolas de Staël discussed by Adrian Heath, Robert Melville, Bryan Robertson and David Sylvester. Chair: Nevile Wallis. Mems. 1s. 6d. Guests 3s. Thurs., May 31, 8.15. Lecture: The Englishman's Religion by Geoffrey Gorer. Mems. 1s. 6d. Guests 3s. Mem'ship invited.

POLIO. Hear an honest answer on this & other vital questions. Brains Trust: Doris Grant, Beatrice Parke, Dr. Douglas Latto. Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Mon., May 28, 7.30. Free (Res.: 2s. 6d.) London Natural Health Society.

"OBSCENITY & the Law": Norman St. John Stevas. Chelsea Tn. Hall Tu. 29 May, 8 p.m. 1s. Chelsea & Ken Fabian Soc.

INTERNATL. Society for Socialist Studies meets Church House, Deans Yard, Westmstr. May 29, 7-9. Speaker: Hugh Jenkins.

CENT. Lond. Fabian Soc. Wed. May 30, 7.30 "The Work of the Fabian Colonial Bureau." 2 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. Vis. 2s.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, May 27, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. Virginia Flemming: "What to Expect of Life."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., 7.30 p.m. May 31, "Yoga of Devotion" (contd.). All welc. Suns., 5 p.m., at Centre, 68 Dukes Av., Muswell Hill, N.10, for mems. & friends: Meditation & discourse.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue between Leslie Paul & J. B. Coates. "A Christian & a Humanist Discuss Their Differences." Conway Hall, Fri., June 1, 7.30 p.m.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PARk 7379. Fri., May 25, 8 p.m. Dr. O. Crisp, "Franco-Russian Relations." Mon., May 28, 8 p.m. Oda Slobodskaya, Recital of Pushkin Songs. Fri. June 1 at 8, F. F. Seeley M.A., Pushkin's Love Poems.

MOVEMENT for Colonial Freedom. Public Meetings. "South Africa—Human Rights," Central Hall, Westminster, 7.30 p.m., Fri., June 8, 1956. Speakers: Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, M.P., A. Wedgwood Benn, M.P., Canon L. John Collins, Victor Gollancz, Lady Megan Lloyd-George, Fenner Brockway (Chairman). Tickets 1s. from Movement for Colonial Freedom, 374 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Delegate Conference on South Africa, Beaver Hall, E.C.4, 2.30-10 p.m., June 9, 1956. Delegates 2s. 6d., observers 1s. Speakers: Canon L. John Collins, Solly Sachs, Jennie Lee, M.P., Joseph Grimond, M.P. (Liberal Party Chief Whip), Seretse Khama & others.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Br., Fri., June 1. 8.30. A. S. N. Pillai, "Indian Theory of Art." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Terrace.

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